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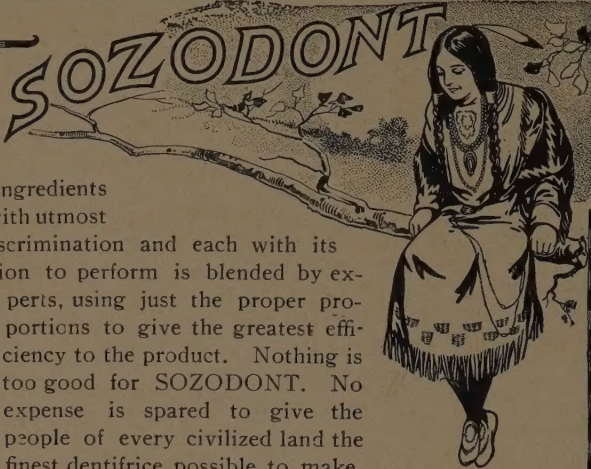
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Mme. Nordica's Plan for an American Bayreuth



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LILLIAN NORDICA

Lillian Nordica, the well-known opera singer recently announced her intention to erect on the banks of the Hudson an American Bayreuth. The prima donna has purchased a site of twenty acres near Croton-on-the-Hudson, and with part of her large fortune will put up a building to be known as the Lillian Nordica Festival House. The opera house, it is promised, will be ready for its formal dedication one year from next summer. The slope of the land is such as to afford a natural amphitheatre with a seating capacity for 5,000 persons. It will be so constructed that in fine weather the roof can be thrown back and the performance given in the open air. The theatre will be modeled on the plan of Wagner's theatre at Bayreuth, an account of which will be found on page 244 of this issue. The prices will be low with the exception of twenty-five expensive boxes which will be rented in the same manner as those of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The production of Wagner's operas in English and in German is but a part of the great scheme planned by the prima donna. She will erect an American institute of music where, "taught by the foremost teachers in the world, American young women and men who aspire to win operatic honors will be taught every branch of music and given a musical education as complete and excellent and with vastly less expense than they can now hope to get abroad." "I know," the singer admitted in an interview with the *New York Herald*, "that my singing days are numbered. This is my only ambition now. I want to see American girls with voices properly started. I want to save them, as far as possible, from the terrible fate that overtakes so many of them who come to Europe to study and then pass out of sight. The whole scheme is a matter of patriotism with me and the realization of an ambition I have cherished for years." To quote further:

"Call my object philanthropic or what you may, but the idea of founding here in my own country an American Bayreuth has been my life's ambition. All the years I have been singing I have dreamed of such an institution. Now I am able financially to start this great project, which I know will be an institution which after I am dead will continue to grow and enlighten the people of this country, who are now awakening to the benefits to be derived from a musical education such as was not dreamed of ten years ago.

"Here in America young women and men seek their earnings and then rush to Europe to take part in musical study. Thousands go every year. Some succeed, others fail. In most cases the poor students who are away in a foreign country are at the mercy of the world. This country can provide everything necessary to the student's education and is gaining a musical standard that Europe has always had.

"In this plan of mine I am assured of the hearty co-operation of men and women of wealth. The latter years of my life I hope to give entirely to seeing this great institution grow until it will have no rival."

Nearly half the plays which are successful at West End theatres are melodrama thinly disguised.—*Daily Express, London.*

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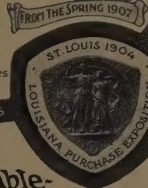
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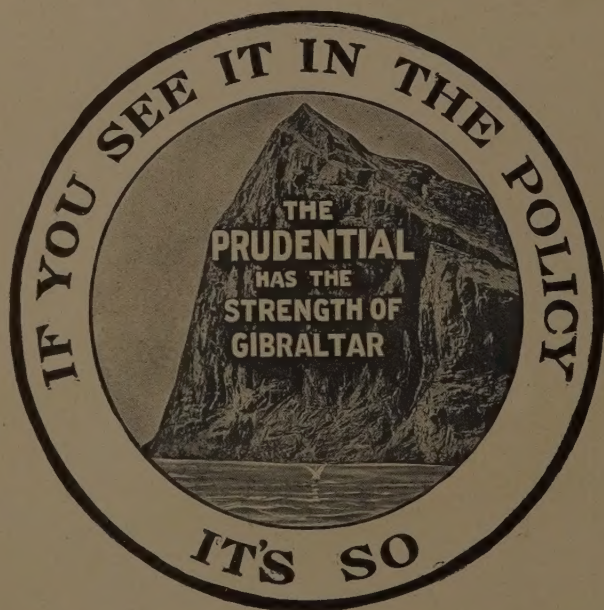
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Bassano Ltd., London

MISS BILLIE BURKE

American actress who has had great success in London and now engaged by Mr. Frohman as leading woman for John Drew. (See page 230)



1, Mr. Drew; 2, Mrs. Marlowe; 3, Mr. Sothorn; 4, Miss Adams; 5, Miss Barrymore; 6, Mr. Hackett; 7, Mrs. Fiske; 8, Mr. Wilson; 9, Miss Anglin;

THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN

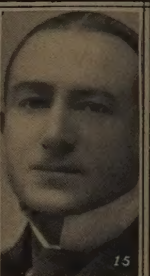
Season 1907-08.

THE theatrical season of 1907-08, which began in earnest the last two weeks in August, promises to be busy and interesting. The marked dearth abroad of good dramatic material has again benefited the native playwright, and it is reassuring to note in the lengthy list of plays underlined for immediate production that the American dramatist is once more well to the front. This is as it should be. The average theatregoer, of course, cares little who writes his plays. All he wants is to be entertained. But it is a hopeful sign for the future of our drama that the day seems to be passed when the American stage was forced to depend almost entirely on the dramatic output of London and Paris.

There is a growing taste on Broadway and elsewhere for home-made plays, and a growing distaste for imported pieces reflecting foreign life we do not know and with which we have little sympathy. The speculative manager has done nothing to foster this taste for the American play. On the contrary, he has found it cheaper and easier to go abroad each year and pick out the most successful of the plays which a foreign manager, more bold, had already tried out. He has exploited the ready-made foreign play for all it is worth, and he has long treated the American author as a negligible quantity. But he cannot afford to do so any longer. Such American playwrights as Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, Charles Klein, George Broadhurst have compelled recognition as big money-makers. The success of these and other native authors has created a large public for American plays, until foreign plays have become a drug on the market. It is a healthy reaction which should give satisfaction to every theatregoer apart from any idea of Chauvinism, for it has imparted a new impetus and given a new interest to our stage. We have been surfeited with anæmic English comedy and suggestive Continental farce. Our public wants plays dealing with vital questions of American life. This country is big enough and the phases of its people's daily activities complex and varied enough to produce a potential drama the possibilities of which as an educational and moral force

are well-nigh incalculable. Our social life, industrial conditions, politics, in a word the drama and comedy hourly enacted about us—all this presents an exhaustless and fertile field for the native dramatist. Our authors are keenly alive to the opportunity and, judging by their announcements this year, even our managers, so long devoted to the foreign play, are beginning to recognize the superior qualities of the home article.

The program for the season is long and varied, embracing every form of stage entertainment, from the classic plays of the ever popular Shakespeare and the somber dramas of Mr. Ibsen down to the extravagant burlesques of J. J. McNally. Most of the managers have trump cards up their sleeves, and nearly all the stars are provided with new plays. The ball was set rolling at Wallack's as early as August 5th with "The Time, the Place and the Girl," a strenuous production from Chicago, and this was quickly followed at the Astor by "A Yankee Tourist," a revised version with music of Richard Harding Davis' old comedy, "The Galloper," and by "The Alaskan," a "comic opera," at the Knickerbocker. Then came "The Lady from Lane's," a musical piece by George Broadhurst and Gustave Kerker, at the Lyric. Hattie Williams brought "The Little Cherub" back for a brief season, and Maclyn Arbuckle came to the New Amsterdam with "The Round-up," a Western play. Grace George, returning home after a successful engagement in London, reappeared in "Divorçons" at the Lyceum. Later in the season this interesting and ambitious young actress will be seen as the heroine of Ibsen's drama, "A Lady from the Sea." "The Dairy Maids," an English musical show which Charles Frohman has brought over from England, was seen at the Criterion, and that popular comedian, Francis Wilson, appeared in his new piece, "When Knights Were Bold," at the Garrick. The revival of "The Great Divide," with Margaret Anglin at Daly's; the production of "Classmates," a play of West Point life, with Robert Edson at the Hudson; the opening of John Drew's annual engagement at the Empire in "My Wife," a comedy from the French; and the production of Martha Morton's new play, "The Movers,"



11, Mr. Farnum; 12, Mr. Edson; 13, Mr. Bellevue; 14, Miss Starr; 15, Mr. Bernard; 16, Miss Doro; 17, Mr. Skinner; 18, Mr. Mantell; 19, Mr. Crane.

at Hackett's, brings the early season's happenings up to date.

An important event will be the production of Percy MacKaye's poetic tragedy, "Sappho and Phaon," in which Mme. Kalich will be seen as the Lesbian poetess. These days when the stage delivery of blank verse is a lost art, it seems a risky undertaking to attempt a work of this character, but Mr. Fiske's experiment will be watched with interest.

Maude Adams will open with "Peter Pan" and, after a short tour, will return to the metropolis to produce "The Jesters," an adaptation of the French play, "Les Buffons," by Miguel Zamacois, in which Sarah Bernhardt appeared recently in Paris. Another important production to be made by Charles Frohman is "The Thief," adapted from "Le Voleur," one of the successes of the past season in Paris. Kyrle Bellew will play the leading male rôle and Margaret Illington the name part. Ethel Barrymore has two new plays, the titles of which have not been made public, and it is also promised that she will be seen this season as Rosalind. William H. Crane has a new play by George Ade called "Father and the Boys," and Otis Skinner will be seen in an adaptation of the French piece "La Rabouilleuse." Dustin Farnum has a play by Augustus Thomas called "The Ranger," Marie Doro will appear in an English play entitled "The Morals of Marcus," William Collier has a new piece by Paul Armstrong and Sam Bernard will be seen in a new play by Harry B. Smith called "The Happiest Man in New York."

Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe will not act together this season. Mr. Sothorn will continue to appear in Shakespearian plays, and later in the season may be seen in the rôle of Dundreary, the part made famous by his father. Miss Marlowe has a new play, by the French poet, Catulle Mendes, entitled "Sainte Theresa."

Frances Starr will continue in "The Rose of the Rancho," and later may be seen as Juliet. David Warfield has a new play called "A Grand Army Man," with which he will open Mr. Belasco's new Stuyvesant Theatre.

Virginia Harned will be seen in "Anna Karenina," Clara Bloodgood will tour in Clyde Fitch's comedy "The Truth," William Gillette is writing a new play for himself, Lillian Russell will be seen in a new racing drama by George Broadhurst, and Cissy Loftus will appear as co-star with Lawrence D'Orsay in a military comedy from the German. Henrietta Crosman has a dramatization of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and Amelia Bingham has already opened in a piece called "A Modern Lady Godiva."

Lulu Glaser will appear in a musical play by J. J. McNally entitled "Lola From Berlin," Wilton Lackaye has a piece called "Bruvver Jim's Baby," and May Robson will be seen in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Charlotte Walker will appear in a new Belasco production and Elsie Janis has a play called "The Hoyden." Louis James will make a production of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," and Robert Mantell also will be seen in Shakespearian rôles.

Joseph Coyne will be seen in "Toddles," a farce adapted by Clyde Fitch from the French, William T. Hodge will act in "The Man from Home," a comedy by Booth Tarkington, and Dallas Welford will be seen in "Public Opinion." Walker Whitesides will appear in "The Magic Melody" and Wright Lorimer has a play called "The Quicksands." Mary Mannering will continue to act in "Glorious Betsy."

James K. Hackett will be seen in Alfred Sutro's comedy, "John Gladys's Honor," and later in "Mr. George," a piece produced in London by Mr. Hawtry. Mr. Hackett will also make several special productions. One is "The Masquerader," a dramatization of Katherine Cecil Thurston's novel; another is "The House of the Thousand Candles," also a dramatized novel, and the third is "The Servant in the House," by Charles Ramm Kennedy. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and "The Girl Behind the Counter,"



Matzene, New York

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

Will open at the Astor Theatre in October for a season of twelve weeks. Mrs. Carter has two new plays, and she will form a repertoire comprising "Zaza," "Du Barry" and "Adrea"

with Lew Fields in the stellar rôle, are also scheduled by Mr. Hackett.

Among other special productions to come are "The Right of Way," a dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel by Eugene Presbrey, and "The Galilean's Victory," a new play by Henry Arthur Jones which Klaw and Erlanger will present. Then we shall have also "The Merry Widow" and "Tom Jones," two operatic pieces which have been highly successful abroad and which Mr. Savage has imported.

Charles Klein has written a new play called "The Stepchild" which Mr. Harris will produce, Clyde Fitch has a comedy which he calls "Bluff," Henry Blossom is the author of a piece for Elsie Janis entitled "Miss Philura," and Edwin Milton Royle has a play called "The Struggle Everlasting." Virginia Frame and Margaret Mayo are co-authors of a play of girl college life which C. B. Dillingham will produce, and Channing Pollock has dramatized Egerton Castle's story "The Secret Orchard."

Alberta Gallatin will star in "Judith of the Plains," Blanche Ring and Alex Carr will co-star in a new piece by Sidney Rosenfeld, DeWolf Hopper will be seen in a new play and Louise Gunning will appear in "Le Paradis de Mahomet."

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE ALASKAN." Comic Opera in a prologue and two acts. Book and lyrics by Joseph Blethen. Music by Harry Girard. Produced August 12 with this cast:

Richard Atwater.....	Harry Girard	U. S. Mail Driver.....	M. V. L. Smith
Totem Pole Pete.....	Edward Martindell	Esquimaux Chief.....	John Wheeler
Smallberry Strander.....	Teddy Webb	Arlee Easton.....	Agnes Cain Brown
Meadowbrooke Blazes.....	Harold Vizard	Mrs. Good-Better-Best.....	Anna Adair
Teddy Bear.....	William Fables	Claudie Cluster.....	Amy Leicester
	Trixie.....		Jessie Brown

"The Alaskan" is no better and perhaps no worse than any of its kind. It is a string of gewgaws and beads to which primitive minds attach importance and for which multitudes of people will exchange their valuable time for what is practically nothing. In common with all pieces of its kind, novelty is the ingredient counted upon to please audiences who would be soon sated by repetition and emptiness. Perhaps no other "comic" opera has had a Totem pole song, with grotesque figures nine feet high. It is all grotesquely new and eminently adapted to childish minds. The present degeneracy in American comic opera is evidently due to the preponderant influence and activity of the stage manager and the ballet master. The action, such as it is, is a mere excuse for song and dance. That many of these songs and dances are allur-

ing, we must admit, but the absence of real story and connected action leaves no impression that remains in the minds of the spectators for much more than a passing moment. There is no true sentiment, no substance, no reality in these operas; and this is amazing in view of the enormous energies combined to make such an entertainment. It is water spilled in the sand. It is the yellow journalism of music as well as of drama. Yellow journalism may be defined as that which cares nothing for truth and facts so that the elements of novelty and momentary sensation are provided. The vitality of youth in dance and song are always pleasing, and this opera provides these things, as do all pieces of its kind.

ASTOR. "A YANKEE TOURIST." Musical farce. Book by Richard Harding Davis. Lyrics by Wallace Irwin. Music by Alfred G. Robyn. Produced August 12 with this cast:

Copeland Schuyler.....	Raymond Hitchcock	Innkeeper.....	M. W. Rale
Kirke Warren.....	Harry West	Grace Whitney.....	Flora Zabelle
Mr. Hewitt.....	Wallace Beery	Blanche Bailey.....	Helen Hale
Captain Anstruther.....	Phillip Smalley	Mrs. Sybil Schwartz.....	Susie F. Cawthorn
Mr. Griggs.....	Herbert Cawthorn	Chief Steward.....	Eva Fallon
Billy Ashe.....	E. R. Phillips	A Greek Girl.....	Mabel Breen
Captain O'Malley.....	Harry Lane	Captain Mouzaffer.....	Frederick Corbin
Colonel Osten.....	E. Percy Parsons	Crown Prince of Greece, W. M. Cheesman	

(Continued on page x)

Billie Burke—John Drew's New Leading Woman

"AN English leading woman for John Drew! How remarkable!" cried the gossips of the footlights. They, as most other gossips, were inaccurate in their statements.

The young woman who is about to tread that charmed path which the proverb of the Rialto declares begins with being John Drew's leading woman and leads straight to stardom, they citing the route pursued by Maude Adams, by Isabel Irving, by Ida Conquest, by Margaret Illington, is Miss Billie Burke. She comes from England to play the leading female rôle in John Drew's latest vehicle, "My Wife," but she had gone to England from America. She is, in fact, an American girl.

The family annals recorded in the ponderous Bible heirloom prove that she was born in this country. The record further proves that she is of the delightful age of twenty-two. The latter part of this statement of the family record is corroborated in her photographs. The face is genuinely youthful. Its Americanism is also revealed by a piquancy we may seek, but rarely find, in an English woman's face. But the charm of Billie Burke has broken down international barriers, has defied international prejudices. In token of this is *The King's* statement: "If some enterprising newspaper were to take the vote of its readers for the prettiest actress at present on the English stage, beyond a doubt

Miss Billie Burke would take a high place in the poll, if, indeed, she did not come out at the head."

An English writer sends greetings to American theatregoers and says: "You will be sure to like Billie Burke. She is brilliant, beautiful and bewitching. And she has earned her successive advancement by grit, ability and hard work."

Miss Burke made her début in Vienna six years ago in a pantomime sketch. Subsequently she toured the Continent. At Moscow and St. Petersburg they called her La Belle Petite Americaine. Her first appearance in London was at the Pavilion Music Hall, where she enjoyed the same sway so long enjoyed by Cecelia Loftus, known to the poetic of its frequenters as "The Princess Regnant." George Edwards came to the music halls, saw the little American, and engaged her for "The School Girl." His prophecy, "The little Burke will capture the English upper, as she has the lower, classes," was verified when she sang Leslie Stuart's lilting, little song, the best ballad he ever wrote, *My Little Canoe*. As laundry maid in "The Duchess of Dantzig" she won further success. She succeeded Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair."

From musical comedy Billie Burke evolved into refined legitimate comedy, appearing with Charles Hawtry in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." X.



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WRIGHT LORIMER
In his new play, "The Quicksands"



Photos F. C. Bangs

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

Will be seen this season in a new operetta to be produced on Broadway

RICHARD BENNETT

Recently supported Grace George in her London production of "Divorçons"

CLARA BLOODGOOD

Will star this season in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Truth"

Mme. Nazimova to Enact Her Ideal Woman

"My ideal woman is Hilda in 'The Master Builder.' She was to the architect what a woman should be to a man, the man she has chosen, his inspiration. Most women do not want to be a man's inspiration. They want to be his wife, the mother of his children, in one word, his comfort. Women of the type of Hilda are a man's ever-inspiring companions."—*Alla Nazimova in an interview in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.*

MME. NAZIMOVA'S long cherished desire to impersonate Ibsen's Hilda will soon be gratified. The actress will open her season with "The Master Builder" at the Bijou early this month (September).

This drama by Henrik Ibsen is practically a novelty to American theatregoers. The play had one presentation by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Art in 1900; it was among the brief eccentricities of the Progressive Stage Society in 1905, and the Russian players included it in their repertoire during the winter of 1905-6. "The Master Builder" is classed with "Ghosts," "The Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler"—the supreme productions of Ibsen's mind. The ultra-symbolism of "When We Dead Awaken" had not yet become an obsession with the great Scandinavian, and it is possible to consider the play as a drama dealing with character and emotion.

As is usual in all the Ibsen plays, the dramatic complication has begun long before the curtain rises. Years back, the ancestral home of Mrs. Solness had been burned. At the same time, through her mistaken sense of duty—that relentless idea which pursues so many of Ibsen's characters—the couple are left childless. The fire afforded the Master Builder an opportunity which his practical business acumen promptly seized, and from this beginning Halvard Solness rose to wealth and success. Once, he built a church-tower which was of such a dizzy height that when, in accordance with an old custom, he mounted to its pinnacle and placed a wreath there, he gained a great reputation for bravery and daring. Flushed with his success, he lightly kissed a

little girl whose admiring eyes pleased him, promising to return in ten years to carry her off—"like a troll"—and buy her a kingdom with castles in Spain. Now he has reached middle age; he has overridden those who stood in his way; even his wife has been sacrificed to his success. He sits in his House of Achievement and learns fear; he has time to acquire what Hilda calls "a dizzy conscience." He hears the younger generation knocking, knocking at his door. And then the door opens and Hilda Wangel, the woman, comes to claim the kingdom which he promised to Hilda Wangel, the child.

Hilda scoffs at his scruples, allays his fears, forces him to recognize the talent of the son of a man whom his success had ruined; she believes in him, inspires him and, of course, loves him. Solness sees in her the very thing he dreads—youth; and, pathetically, loves her for it. She taunts him for his feeble conscience. "You should be a Viking," she tells him; but her own conscience awakens and she decides to leave him to his fate.

HILDA: I am going away.

SOLNESS: But I won't allow you to.

HILDA: What am I to do *here* now?

SOLNESS: Simply to *be* here, Hilda.

HILDA: Oh, thank you. You know how that would end.

SOLNESS: So much the better.

HILDA: *I can't* do any harm to one I *know*. I can't take away anything that belongs to her— A stranger, yes! for that's quite a different thing. A person I've never set eyes on. But one that I've come into close contact with. No! Oh, no! Ugh!— Oh, Mr. Solness, you know quite well what the end would be. And that's why I'm going away.

SOLNESS: And what's to become of me when you're gone? What shall I have to live for then?— The troll within me has drawn all the life-blood out of Aline— And now she's dead—for my sake. And I am chained to a dead woman. I—I who cannot live without joy in life!

He has come to believe that the fatal fire was due in part to his negligence, in part to his mastering desire that it should happen. So he builds no more churches, only "cosy, happy homes for mother and father and for the troop of children." He has an almost morbid sense of responsibility toward his unlovable wife, who broods over the loss of her home, her two sons and the nine dolls that she had carried under her heart "like little unborn children." She is of his generation, and she sees and accepts the coming of age; he will not. But he has built for her a new home. "That shall never be a home for me," he tells Hilda, and plans the little empty nurseries which she wishes.

The house is all but completed. Hilda calls to him from among the visions of her confident youth. He shall place the wreath on the tower, just as he did once before, and then they—he and Hilda—will enter into their kingdom, where they will build only "the loveliest thing in the world—castles in the air." Solness fears the height, he grows dizzy at the thought; he knows his limitations. Hilda sees none; he *must* conquer. So the Master Builder mounts the tower, achieves the impossible and tumbles headlong to the ground while Hilda cries in triumph: "My—my Master Builder!"



Hall JERRY AND HELEN COHAN IN "THE HONEYMOONERS"

current of meaning flows through almost every speech. Mrs. Alving's catch-phrase, "the joy of life," Nora's "miracle," Hedda's "vine-leaves," become Hilda's "harps in the air." She is an eerie character, this Younger Generation which came knocking at the Master Builder's door. She is Youth, unafraid, dreaming of great deeds and unthinking as Youth is always. Well might Solness—the Older Generation—have feared her audacity, for though she inspired him it was with a cruel inspiration which urged him to achievement beyond his powers. Perhaps Ibsen himself heard the approaching footsteps of the Younger Generation and dreaded lest he, too, hear the knock. He gave the play a poignant pathos—it is his version of April and November—of the old and the new, "and never the two shall meet."

"I do not think of 'The Master Builder' as a symbolic play," said Mme. Nazimova the other day to the present writer during

an interval at rehearsal. To me it is intensely realistic. Symbolism there may be in the dialogue, but in the characters—no. I see but two symbols in the play—the tower, signifying Achievement, and the nine dolls of poor Mrs. Solness—the instinct of undying Motherhood. But the tower and the dolls were real things, too.

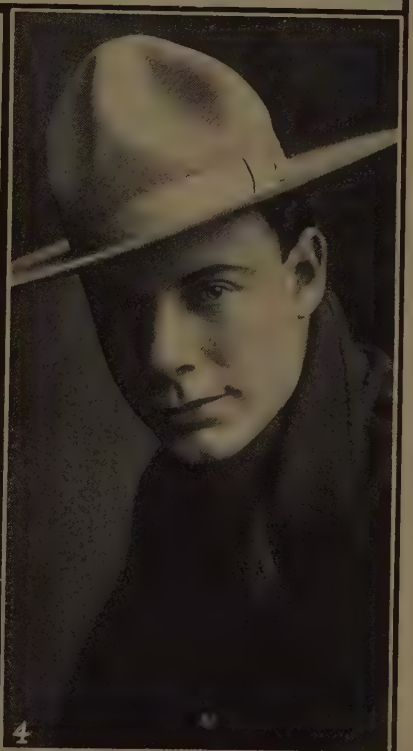
"And Hilda, imaginative, what you call high-strung, why should she not have thought she heard harps in the air? Oh, I am quite sure she heard them! There is more of the true Ibsen in this play, I think, than in any other of his dramas.

ANNE PEACOCK.

The dialogue is filled with what Maeterlinck calls "the secondary intention." An under-



Mlle. DAZIE AND MR. TAKEZAWA OF JAPAN IN "THE JIU-JITSU WALTZ" AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS



tos by White, N. Y.

Show Girls: Eloise Reed, Flora Paulin, Alice Loasby, Pearl Girard, Vivienne Fraser, Lillian Norton, Genevieve Reed; 2, Edward Martindell; 3, the Reed Sisters; 4, Harry Girard, composer of "The Alaskan," in the title rôle; 5, Anne Adair; 6, Eskimo Girls: Daisy Lucas, May Murray, Ida Gabrielle, Marjory Ganes, Pearl Gabrielle; 7, Agnes Cain Brown

"The Alaskan," Comic Opera by Joseph Blethen and Harry Girard at the Knickerbocker Theatre

The Stage-Instinct

THE stage-instinct in man is profounder than the instinct for the written word. Books bring life to us at second hand. Painting gives us colored, speechless images; life; music renders us in sounds the pains, the joys of the flesh and the spirit, the fire-tipped fingers of the lords of harmony and dissonance shaping as in a dream their magic pictures on the sinister and ill-lighted background of human destiny. The stage alone reproduces to the eye and ear the very gesture of woe, the cry of joy and the impact of the will of man against the granite walls of circumstance. It is rendered to us directly. The immobility of the image on canvas, the tantalizing arrested gesture of the sculptured stone, the lumberliness of a book and its lifeless letters give place on the stage to flesh and blood murderers, adulteresses, suicides. Our own vices are blown full in our faces, our eyes see the degradation, our ear catches the agonized scream, our heart beats quick with expectation, and we grow pallid with alarm. The stage IS life.

And the stage is life because life is a stage. And it is the half-conscious perception of this that shows us the profundity of the stage-instinct. The drama is an art-form that imitates the form of life itself. The Greeks represented the gods as seated on Olympus watching the play of cross-purposes on earth, the friction of wills which emits character; they waited with ironic smiles for that fifth act in all lives—Death. The author of the Book of Job saw that the world was a stage; he invented a plot of which he made the Almighty and Lucifer co-authors. Job was the incarnation of mankind, and the play concerned the attempt of the god of Rebellion to seduce the soul of this man Job, whose days were sweet with goodness. The scenery of this stupendous drama—protagonist of all dramas—was the visible universe. The audience was mankind.

The whole story of Eden and the Fall is theatric. The curtain goes up on a Paradise. It falls on the triumph of the serpent and the stentorian judgment pronounced from the unseen God hidden in the wings of consciousness.

So the stage as an art-form follows the form in which the Fates have cast the lives of man, and the grandeur of a drama must be measured by its fidelity to life—to life not as we would have it in our dreams that stem from the inextinguishable Utopias of Hope, but to life as it exists in the cold, flat, unmisted mirror of Intellect; life, mysterious and marvelous, ghastly and grim, as sinister as the portals of hell, touched by the cold glory of our godlike outreachings.

And everywhere the great stage tragedy reproduces the state of man. This ageless parley of this mite of errant dust (which contains in its crevices and cells every divine possibility and every damnation) with the inimical Fates, the eyeless, noiseless, unspiritual forces that seek to grind it and its purposes to nullity at each moment—that, and that alone, can be the theme of the great play.

No man has solved the mystery of the universe. No man has solved that greater mystery, himself. No man knows why we are victims; why man is caught here on this little grain of congealed sun-spark like a rat in a trap. And no tragedy-writer can do aught than present the case as it stands, weaving the element of life into his plot, and watching with tearless eye the engulfing of his marionettes in the black whirlpools of chance even as the gods watched with tearless eyes the processes of generation and evanescence on the earth.

Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Shakespeare and Ibsen have in their conceptions of the drama stood nearest the gods. What the Greeks saw as Destiny and Shakespeare saw as Fatality Ibsen saw as Law. They were as impersonal in their treatment of the ageless tragedy which we here enact as brains can possibly be



Standford, Louisville, Ky.

GERTRUDE COGHLAN

Miss Coghlan, who is a niece of Rose and Charles Coghlan, spent the summer fishing at her country place, Souris, Prince Edward Island, named after the rôle she plays in "The Lion and the Mouse"

that have not yet slashed all the ligatures that link them to personality.

And when we have understood to the last gesture the philosophic import of such figures as Prometheus, Œdipus, Antigone,

Electra, Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, Oswald Alving, Brand, and Master Solness we have grasped the inner significance of life itself and stand on the very last horizon of all possible knowledge.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

Who Will Be Director of the "New Theatre"?

SEVERAL names have been already mentioned in connection with the directorship of the New Theatre, the magnificently equipped playhouse dedicated to high art (?) which a syndicate of millionaires is building on Central Park

West, but so far no definite appointment has been announced. It has long been the ambition of Heinrich Conried, Richard Mansfield, Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, and other men prominently connected with our stage, to direct the destinies of such a theatre, but it is not at all probable that any of these gentlemen will ultimately be chosen. The serious illness of Mr. Conried and Mr. Mansfield probably precludes all idea of their being candidates and it is doubtful if either Mr. Frohman or Mr. Belasco could be tempted to give

lump it"—a picturesque way of asserting his independence.

Mr. Barker's régime at the Court Theatre has been closely identified with the English vogue of George Bernard Shaw, whose plays, says Mr. E. A. Baughan in the London *Daily News*, have created the audience which has made possible the production of plays of a higher order than the ordinary commercial standard.

"Mr. Barker," added the writer, "has made a pronounced effort to foster a new school of drama."

Regarding his own theories Mr. Barker said in an interview given to the *New York Times*:

"If we are to trace our policy at the Court Theatre from any source, it may be claimed we have in a manner inherited the movement which had its inception in Germany. I have produced some Ibsen plays, but we are not of the Ibsen school. Great master though he was, he continued to write the well-made play absolutely to the end of his life. He would never have written a play like Hauptmann's 'The Weavers'—an example of the great play which has broken away from the well-made tradition. The latter is the school of playwriting with which we are concerned.

"I will not admit for a moment that we do not entertain our audiences. A play may be both intellectual and entertaining. The only question is whether one is entertained by watching ladies' legs or by listening to the product of Bernard Shaw's brains. As I have already said, the tendency of the English public is to resist a fresh idea.

"Among other important things I have wanted to open the theatre to men who have avoided it as a field of literary endeavor. I mean that I have tried to bring to the rescue of the English drama some of the biggest minds devoted to fiction. These men have continued to write novels, and only novels, because they have succeeded that way and see no reason why they should attempt to learn the methods of the well-made play. They see that the limitations are preposterous. Why should they try to make heroes and heroines and this and that?

"I don't care whether a piece is a well-made play or not. If the piece has fine qualities what difference does it make? For

instance, I once asked Maurice Hewlitt for a play to produce. He said that years ago he had tried one little piece that he called 'Pan and the Young Shepherd,' and that I was welcome to it. I read it and saw that it was a beautiful dialogue in that fanciful poetic prose of which he has such wonderful command. The critics said it was very pretty and nice—but that it wasn't a well-made play! I am not aiming so much to reform the theatre-going public as to reach the public that hasn't been going to plays."



GRANVILLE BARKER

A well-known theatrical manager of London, who has been named as the possible director of the New Theatre, New York

the necessary time from their own private interests. It is said that the promoters of the New Theatre are not willing to appoint any one who has previously been connected with the management of a purely speculative house, as such a director presumably would be antagonistic to the anti-commercial spirit which is supposed to rule the new enterprise. The names of one or two foreigners have been put forward, one a Frenchman and the other an Englishman. The latter is Mr. Granville Barker, stage director of the Court Theatre, and one of the most conspicuous figures in the London theatrical world.

Mr. Barker is an enthusiastic advocate of the most advanced dramatic ideas. As he said in an interview recently, his ideal is "to make productions that would attract intelligent human beings over twenty-two years of age," adding rather scornfully that "the average theatrical entertainment to-day is meant for women, for male sentimentalists who have not attained their majority, and for the older ones who don't grow up." Mr. Barker denied that he had been asked to direct the New Theatre in New York, but he said that if he did come to this city he should continue to produce plays according to his own ideals, "and the public may like it or



From Sketch, London

THE MOST PERFECT SHADOW-SHOW IN THE WORLD: A SCENE FROM THE LITTLE THEATRE AT THE CABARET DES QUATZ-ARTS, PARIS

The most charming of all shadow-shows, and the most cleverly managed, is that which is given every night at the Cabaret des Quatz-Arts, on the Boulevard de Clichy, Paris. Not only do the figures move in a most lifelike way, but the artist contrives to give aerial perspective on the screen. The scene here reproduced is the Battle of Bouvines, one of the tableaux illustrating the dramatic poem, "Au Drapeau," performed at the Cabaret

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetent fell by the way. In this series, actors and

My Beginnings

By CARLOTTA NILLSON

actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.



OF my early life in Sweden there is no need to speak. Sufficient is it to say that I was a half orphan from birth, my father having died before I was born. When I was ten years old I came with my mother to America, going first to Wisconsin, then to Minnesota. Many of our countrymen have settled in those states, and we were following the beaten line of travel.

We were very poor. When we had been in this country only a year I went as companion to live with some rich little children. I was too young to be their nurse or governess. It was my duty, being of their own age, to amuse them. In this I fear that I was not surprisingly successful, for I had too much of the melancholy of the North in my nature. I was one of those unfortunate children who are "born old." But the deficit in childish buoyancy and merriment I seemed to make up in my powers of invention, which, when I had told all the fairy stories I knew, I utilized in building others. The stories were full of goblins and North Sea pirates and fairies who lived in ice caves and wore ermine the year round. I never tired of inventing these.



IN "THE HAPPY LIFE"



CARLOTTA NILLSON

In a few years my mother and I went to San Francisco. There I applied for work as an extra girl, and was permitted to join Mme. Modjeska's company. She was playing "Marie Stuart," and seeing me overwrought by nervousness and sympathy with her rôle, shedding real tears, selected me to go with her to the scaffold. Thus the first ray of encouragement I had ever received in my life came from Mme. Modjeska, who doesn't remember my name and might not know if she saw me to-day, but whom I revere as a goddess of good fortune.

Soon after this I came to New York

and was despondent and, no doubt, shabby when I called upon Mr. John Stetson. I had heard that he was sending out a company and needed some one who looked as I did. I called on him and asked for a place in his company. I was so nervous and wretched that my voice forsook me. It was almost in a whisper that I asked to join his company.

"Speak louder, child," he said, "I can't hear you."

But when I had made him hear it seemed to be of no use. He shook his head. "I don't need anyone," he said.

When I got home I wrapped up a photograph for which a commercial firm had paid me two hundred dollars. It was a pretty photograph called "The Kiss." The firm had used it in a booklet for advertising purposes, and some one had been kind enough to say it resembled Lil-

to seek my stage fortune. Fortunately, I had friends here and could live with them for a time, which made my situation easier. One of the friends gave me a letter to Augustin Daly. He said he liked me and promised me something in a few weeks. To my bitter disappointment the something was a place in the chorus. After three or four weeks I left it.

That which I consider my first engagement was one of forty weeks of one-night stands in "The Private Secretary." I was the ingenue. We played throughout the South, in most of the Western states and in New England. My salary was twenty-five dollars a week. When we returned I was ill from exhaustion and could not play again for many months.

The story of how I secured an engagement with "The Crust of Society" is one that illustrates the value of the sometime afterthought and



IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

"The Time, the Place and the Girl" at Wallack's



2



7



Photos 1 and 3 by Otto Sarony Co.; 2, 4, 5 and 7 by Will Armstrong

1, Violet McMillen as "The Girl"; 2, Harriet Burt as Mrs. Talcott; 3, Elene Foster as "Molly Kelly"; 4, "Happy John Hicks" (Arthur Deagon) has a chat with "The Girl"; 5, Miss Burt with "Little Willie" (Hubert Hornsby); 6, Harriet Burt; 7, two of the Broilers; 8, Maud Brown, "One of the Little Butter Girls"

lian Russell in her most animated moods. My purpose in sending it was to show Mr. Stetson that at however low an ebb of vitality he had seen me that day I could make up to look quite otherwise. The picture secured the engagement for me. I was out with the company for two years and received my salary all the time. It was a really comfortable engagement.

Later I played a bit, the little widow in "Shenandoah." It was after this engagement that I went to England, and for personal reasons retired from the stage for three years. But the retirement was only temporary and I employed the time in studying. I studied all the Shakespearian rôles and Camille, not with a view of playing any of them, for I did not wish to, but for the discipline and outlook that would accrue from the study. I studied with that fine old actor William Farren, and with Genevieve Ward, and I worked continuously with my voice. Knowing through the criticisms which had always been kindly except as to my voice, when I was on the stage in America, that that was my weak point, I labored constantly to strengthen it. I had lessons from the famous Anna Benke.

I went back to the stage in John Oliver Hobbes' play, "The Ambassador" playing the society woman, Mrs. Dazey. It was she who had the one bright comedy line in the piece. The Ambassador asks her to renew an old flirtation with him, and Mrs. Dazey replies: "No, no. My last flirtation with you gave me three wrinkles." I appeared next in Louis Parker's play which followed his successful "Rosemary." It was "The Happy Life," and in it I played an American girl.

I returned to America and here found hard, humiliating experiences awaiting me. I date my real "Beginnings" from that time. They did not begin at once, for on my arrival I carried some of my English notices to Max Freeman and he engaged me for Eunice in "Quo Vadis." Then there was a long time between engagements. After the long wait there was a brief engagement. I was engaged for Mrs. Lemoyne's company in "Among Those Present." I played the adventuress, and when I protested against wearing a red wig and declared that one could sin without a spangled gown, I was reminded that my contract included these accessories of dramatic art.



White
VIRGINIA FRAME
Author of "Commencement Days," a play of girl college life, which Charles Dillingham will produce this coming season



Morrison
ADELAIDE NOWAK
Interesting young actress recently seen in Mr. Mansfield's production of "Peer Gynt"

After a long time I was engaged to play Mrs. Elvsted in "Hedda Gabler." The sense of success on that opening night, when I realized that the audience liked my Mrs. Elvsted, was delicious. When I left the stage after my scene and there was a burst of applause, and another and another, three great deafening bursts, "I felt as one who had been numb awakening to life. Mrs. Fiske took me before the curtain with her, and the bravos and the waving of handkerchiefs lifted me to a state of exaltation, yet gave me a sense of sickness, too, so overpowering was it. And next day when I found that every critic liked me I began to hope for the first time in my life. I thought I was made."

Alas, the mistake! In London that would have been true. Public opinion, reflected in the manager's minds, would have been that a work of art had been done, and that the person who wrought it should have every opportunity for the future. In New York, however, no offers came. One of the greatest stumbling blocks to the dramatic artist in America is that American

managers identify him with one part which he has played well, and never allow him to play any other kind of parts. Because I had had been successful in an Ibsen rôle it was assumed that I was an Ibsen actress, and there were then no other Ibsen openings. The engagement with "Hedda Gabler," which I had hoped would be a long one, was for one week.

Then came the desperate step. An author wanted my co-operation in bringing his play before the public. I did not believe that the play would please the public, but there was in it a rôle that opened for me the door of opportunity. I consented to appear in it. The author and his friends arranged for the theatre and for all expenses. I could not have helped in this for I had no money. Having no money I could do nothing except act. It was under these circumstances that we gave the special matinee of "Love's Pilgrimage." Again the critics were generous. But the practical value of the matinee lay in the fact that an actress who was present afterwards met Mr. Charles Frohman in London, and told him that I was the woman to play "Letty." A cablegram arrived offering me the part.

After "Letty" came "The Man on the Box." It was an herculean task to quiet the manager's fears that I, an alleged



MARION FAIRFAX
Author of "The Builders," and of a new play in which Annie Russell will appear this season



THE THEATRICAL INVASION OF LONDON BY AMERICAN PLAYERS

During the recent engagement of E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in London their manager organized an army of sandwich men who marched up and down the principal thoroughfares. There were such a number of them that they interfered seriously with the traffic and the police soon prohibited it. The picture shows the sandwich men assembled outside the new Waldorf Theatre, where the Sothorn-Marlowe performances were given. This, however, is only one phase of the American theatrical invasion. On nearly all the omnibuses in the streets the Londoner reads in gigantic letters: "CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS" this or that play, and the bills of many of the London theatres are given up to American plays, which led the *London Globe* to inquire sarcastically, "Are the Yankee theatre managers beginning to look upon London as a suburb of New York?" The same paper went on to say that nearly all American plays failed in England because they were not understood.

Ibsen actress, though having played but one Ibsen rôle, could play comedy. His fears were not allayed until the critics were unanimous in their praise the day after the opening. Then came "The Three of Us." My next season still lies in the realm of conjecture. I wish I might have a big, complex part. I should like to play such a rôle as Hervieu gave his heroine in "La Dédale," or the rôle Jane Hading played in "Le Retour de Jerusalem."

But do one's "Beginnings" ever end? It was not many years ago that I lived for three years on the edge of despair, without one engagement. Nine years ago I was so nervous, so eager to please, so sick and faint with anxiety lest I might not please, that I got on the nerves of the leading woman, who was the man-

ager's wife, and was discharged from a company in a leading theatre, the same theatre in which years later I played the chief rôle.

Even now I am paying my debts to a woman whom I have been owing for ten years, because I was unable to pay her before. Perhaps it is "Beginnings" like these that make of us actresses. If we did not have them there are many things we would not understand. Crushing, pinching, grinding poverty is one of these, and the long, slow, horrible process of waiting—and of heartbreak. It is the anguish, mental and physical, which she has herself suffered that enables the actress to faithfully portray suffering on the stage.



VILLA PADEREWSKI: THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI, AT RIOND-BOSSON, NEAR MORGES, IN SWITZERLAND

The famous Polish pianist resides in this ideal home all summer. He practices six hours a day and devotes most of his leisure time to composing. He is also fond of whist, billiards and farm stock. The picture on the right shows his stock farm, where he keeps the valuable short-horned cattle presented to him by King Edward. In a recent issue of the *Tatler* the distinguished pianist spoke with enthusiasm of his extensive estate in Poland: "I am exceedingly fond of animals of all kinds," he said, "and I love nothing better than to take a walk around my estate. My thoughts continually wander back to my many interests there. There are the lands that I have tilled, the parks that I have planted, the swiftly rushing streams that I have stocked with trout, the cattle that I have bred, the vineyards I have taken such pains to cultivate, and the faithful dogs which are my special pets and whose company I miss so much when I am on my travels."

A Chat with the Author of "The Squaw Man"

INTERVIEWS WITH PLAYWRIGHTS No. 8

"I HEAR that your sister has bad habits."

The plump matron to whom Edwin Milton Royle addressed this remark, with the easy grace that distinguishes his manner, gasped her surprise. They had met at the little railway station of the summer town of Avon-by-the-Sea, and were chatting about themselves and their neighbors.

"Why—what do you mean, Mr. Royle?"

"I mean that I am told she writes plays."

"She is studying playwriting."

"Ah, through a school of correspondence, I suppose?"

"There is a good deal of correspondence. She writes and her work is criticised."

"The critics will be pleased to do that when she produces a play."

"But really, my dear Madame, you can't study playwriting. You can only write the plays and leave the rest to Providence, which is another name for managers."

On the veranda of his country place at Avon-by-the-Sea, in New Jersey, where he lounged in a becoming suit of white flannel, and enjoyed the unusual mingling of saline air from the ocean and pine scents from the evergreens on his own lawn, Mr. Royle repeated this formula of negation with which he had discouraged the sister of an aspirant.

"One can follow no rule in playwriting," he said. "The only certainty about a play is that no two plays are written under the same set of circumstances, nor in the same way. The nearest I have ever approached to a set rule in my work as a dramatist has been that I am inclined to write the big act first, and then write up to it as well as I am able. But sometimes I don't do that. The only certainty about my methods is their uncertainty."

One certainty to which he omitted any reference is that Mr. Royle is one of the beloved sons of Princeton University. Also was he at his graduation one of its youngest, for he was twenty-one when he won class honors in English literature. He did tell, however, of his grave interview with one of Princeton's most distinguished instructors.

"What are you going to do, Royle?" the instructor inquired on Commencement Day.

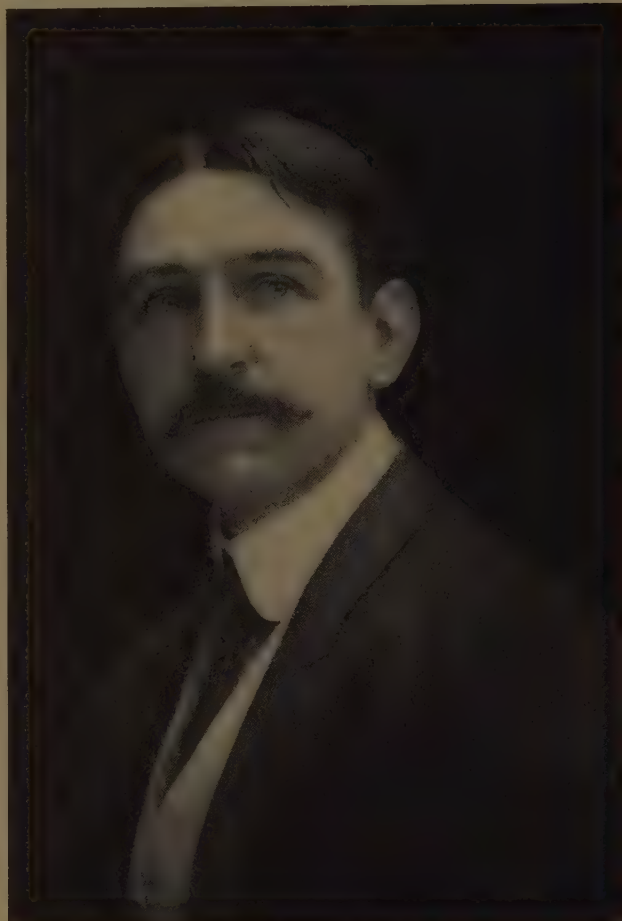
The young man, rendered the more timorous by the twilight gloom and unaccustomed sanctity of the professor's library, clutched the courage that threatened to ooze.

"I should like to act and to write for the stage."

Immediately he was inundated with a flood of argument, which when it subsided left behind one withering comment.

"It is the profession of the mountebank."

The young man thanked his preceptor for his advice. He



Hall

EDWIN MILTON ROYLE
Author of "The Squaw Man," "The Struggle Everlasting," etc.

promised to consider it. That promise he kept, though its ultimate fruition was not what the learned person of spectacled vision and spectacled ken desired. Edwin Milton Royle was under no necessity for immediate decision. An uncle had bequeathed him a small legacy which opened the door for two more years of study. One of these he spent at the University of Edinburgh, where he was the winner of several competitions in rhetoric. The next found him a student of the Columbia Law School. Parental plans had destined him to be partner of his father, a prominent jurist of Salt Lake City, Utah. The young man, of contemplative nature had promised also to give the argument in favor of a law career consideration. But at the end of the year he left the Columbia School.

"I had been seeing Edwin Booth in everything he played that winter," explained the author of "The Squaw Man," "and I thought that in time I should succeed him."

Through Eugene Presbrey's interest in him the

young man who would not be a lawyer secured a chance as juvenile with the Madison Square Company, then headed by Annie Russell. Subsequently he played the late W. J. Lemoyne's part in "Sealed Instructions." His first high hopes ultimately had a measure of fruition, for he joined the company of Edwin Booth and later the Booth and Barrett forces.

"I played all the bad parts Shakespeare ever wrote, and they were all bad, the lesser ones." Thus Mr. Royle proclaimed himself a heretic. He went further.

"Can you imagine any man to-day putting together such impossible farce and such impossible drama as 'The Merchant of Venice'? The only thing that has kept that drama alive is the wonderful poetry of it."

With the Ward and James Company he continued playing Shakespearian rôles. He was next engaged for leading man for Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew, and went to Salt Lake City to spend a summer, secure in his plans for next season. In August there were telegraphed to him ten words bearing dismay. The play for which he had been engaged had been canceled. In the vehicle of the Brown-Potter-Bellew later choice there was no part for him.

With disappointment weighing upon him crushingly the young actor came East, knowing that his mission was practically hopeless because the companies for the next season were sure to be filled.

A Newark physician, a classmate of the actor's, invited him to live in his home pending his search for an engagement.

"He was a friend, and wanted to help me in my time of



Marceau, Boston

DAVID WARFIELD

After having appeared continuously for three consecutive seasons in "The Music Master," Mr. Warfield has at last laid aside the rôle of Herr Von Barwig, and will be seen in a new play at the New Stuyvesant Theatre this month (September). The run of "The Music Master" was interrupted at the height of its success because Mr. Belasco was unwilling to let his star go on playing the same part year after year at the expense of his art. Mr. Belasco's plan is to present this talented character actor in new rôles at reasonable intervals, which will afford him more opportunity than he could have as merely a one-part star.

necessity. That act was one which set me thinking about the quality of friendship. In a way it suggested my play 'Friends' which at intervals of paying unsolicited visits to agents and managers, I wrote that winter. The usual situation in a play is that a fellow's friend gets his girl. I resolved that this time the fel-

low's friend shall not get his girl. I finished the play that winter, and the following spring went out with the Alexander Salvini Company. I remained with it the season after. That summer at Salt Lake City with Lucius Henderson, who was of the Salvini Company, and with the assistance of the Home Dramatic Company, of Salt Lake City, I produced the play. The home people liked it. The press liked it. I went back to the Salvini Company the next season with renewed hope, for a relative, a Denver banker, had promised to back the play.

"When the season with Salvini was finished I induced Miss Selena Fetter, the leading woman,

to play the chief female rôle in 'Friends.' My friend, Lucius Henderson, would play the part of one of the friends. It had not been my intention to appear in the play, but, at the last, Mr. Henley was unable to fill the engagement, and I had to play the rôle myself.

"We opened at the Standard, now the Manhattan Theatre, in May. That is not an auspicious time. My disappointment at losing Mr. Henley was keen. Furthermore I played to the most difficult of audiences, one made up of anxious friends. The first act was a comedy one, and Mr. Henderson and myself carried the comedy. It was tragedy in disguise. My muscles were frozen with fear and Lucius shared my apprehension. The curtain went down upon perfunctory applause. The play was being chilled to death. I had one hope. The second act was in the hands of three artists. That must go. Fortunately it did. And my friends in front awoke from their frozen torpor, and sent waves of good-will and approbation over the footlights that helped to float us to success. The next morning I awoke with a start. The criticisms must be faced. They had to be read. Fortunately

the first one was good. That gave me courage to read the rest. They were, in the main very good.

"One complication in the forlorn prospect of the night before was removed. I had begun to fall in love with my leading woman, and wanted to be in a position to say something. The

reception of my play gave me some authority for doing so. In due time I spoke. She considered, and ultimately there was a wedding at the Church of the Holy Trinity, to which none but the best man, and the bride's mother and the rector were bidden, but to which everybody came. We went straight from the church to a photographer's and had our photographs taken together, like any country couple. It hangs in our apartment in New York now, an awful warning to other young couples as to how foolish the just wedded are sure to look.

"We played 'Friends' six or seven consecutive seasons. Then the play went its way to the stock



Hallen, N. Y.

CHARLES CHERRY

Popular leading man seen recently at the Astor Theatre in "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott"

companies, and was soon being played all over the country."

"And is still, after fourteen years, paying our rent," interpolated Mrs. Selena Fetter Royle.

Mrs. Royle is a tall, fair-faced woman, of gracious presence, and wit so nimble that when "Friends" was received in the exclusive society of good plays, they who believed themselves to be shrewd asserted that the most sparkling of the lines were written, not by the pale, scholastic young author, but by his radiant wife. Mrs. Royle sat demurely in a rocking chair at one end of the veranda, baby Selena on her knee, five-year old Josephine beside her, taking no part in the conversation except to inject her observation about the gratifying longevity of "Friends." Once only she had looked up mischievously. It was when "The Merchant of Venice" was receiving iconoclastic consideration.

"It is absurd when one thinks of it seriously that such a fuss should be made about a pound of flesh," said one of the iconoclasts.

"Yes," observed Mrs. Royle with a rueful glance at her plump arms, "especially when so many are ready to part with more than

one pound, for nothing." Mr. Royle smiled indulgently at the jest. After "Friends" came "Mexico," not a favorite brain child of its creator. "It was melodrama," he said, "and I soon reduced it to a one-act play called 'Captain Impudence,' which lived for two or three years. This was followed by six or seven sketches, 'Miss Waller of Waller Street,' 'The Troubles of the Tripps,' 'The Highballs Family' and others. We played these sketches ourselves, made money and saved it."

Then "My Wife's Husbands," that child of vicissitudes. "The play was a satire upon frequent marriages and divorces. Mrs. Royle and I played in it at the Madison Square Theatre at the beginning of a season. It was regarded as a successful farce. Mr. N. C. Goodwin, having seen it on the opening night, made me an offer for it. He played it four weeks, then returned to his old plays. After these vicissitudes the play rested on the shelf for a time. When Mr. D. V. Arthur told me he wanted a musical play from me for his wife, I took down 'My Wife's Husbands' from the shelf. I told him the story of it, and he believed, as I did, that it would give his wife opportunities. I recast it somewhat and the result was 'Marrying Mary,' the play in which she has played successfully last season, and which will be her vehicle next season.

"Moonshine" had preceded it. It was light and entailed no severe mental effort. I never think of it as a play.

"The most successful of my plays is 'The Squaw Man.' When I was a boy my brother and I used to ride to the Uintah Reservation. It was the memory of what I observed there that flowered in 'The Squaw Man.'"

"What is the criterion of success in plays?"

"The box office receipts—simply and solely the box office receipts," was the unemotional answer.

"I hope the history of 'The Squaw Man,' which ran all of one season at Wallack's, and was played last season out of town, and that will be played next season by two or more companies, will be duplicated in my new play, which I consider the best I have ever written. 'The Squaw Man' began as a sketch, which was presented and well received at a Lambs' gambol. That was the introduction of 'The Struggle Everlasting,' which is a symbolic play with realistic treatment. The actors who saw it were press agents for that, as for 'The Squaw Man,' spreading its fame to the managers.

"The theme occurred to me one night as I sat at a Christian Science service. I wondered what a leader of that idealistic faith would do if confronted with the bodily temptation in the form of one of his pupils. Great men of high ideals have fallen under these circumstances. As I thought of his temptations the theme of the endless struggle of soul and body for supremacy came to me and it framed itself to me in the title 'The Struggle Everlasting,' Soul and Mind and Worldly Wise represented by men, and Body represented by a woman, are the chief characters.

"Mrs. Royle advised me not to write it, but I insisted, saying that at least I would 'get it off my chest.' But Mrs. Royle also advised me not to write 'The Squaw Man.'

"I am a Bromide," assented his wife.

"She is a most excellent audience, a fine gallery," returned her husband gallantly. "An author with a seed-thought in his mind is the only one who can foresee its possibilities of development. The friend to whom he tells the germ story of course can not see to the end as he sees or thinks he does.

"I hope a great deal for the play, yet no one knows better than the author that you never can tell. There is a general interest in metaphysical matters, and the person who first embodies a metaphysical story in a play, doing his work well, of course, will reap a practical harvest. It will be an innovation to represent body, soul and mind as modern men and women, in modern garb and of modern speech, but I hope to make it effective and interesting."

Mr. Royle is of essentially practical habit of mind. There is little residuum of theory remaining in the mind that once dreamed boyish dreams of being successor to Booth. "My only play-writ-

ing theory is that a man should do what he can do, not what someone else can do, and do it as well as he can. I usually write in the morning. Never more than three hours a day. That is quite long enough for creative work. 'The Struggle Everlasting' I wrote in three or four months, 'The Squaw Man' in about the same time. But although during that period I limit myself to three hours' actual writing a day, I find that I can do nothing

(Continued on page vii.)



Felix, Paris

MISS IRENE MOORE

Engaged for ingenue rôles by Mr. Hackett. Miss Moore is a Missouri girl. Her grandfather, Capt. Crawford Moore, was one of the pioneers of Kansas City, and represented his state as Senator in Washington for two terms. On her maternal side Miss Moore is related to Colonel Bowker, of Atlanta, Ga., one of the famous men of affairs of the South during the War of the Rebellion. Her father was Crawford Moore, one of the prominent bankers of Kansas City before his demise a few years ago. Miss Moore is a graduate of Bethany College, Topeka, Kas., and was the class valedictorian of her year.

Will America Have Its Own Bayreuth?



RICHARD WAGNER'S THEATRE AT BAYREUTH

This building was the dream of his life, and his patron, King Ludwig II of Bavaria, enabled him to realize it. The hindmost part of the building containing the stage is larger than the auditorium

Madame Nordica, the well-known prima donna, recently announced that she was at last about to realize a long-cherished dream—the establishing on the banks of the Hudson of an institution modeled after Bayreuth, where American music students could have the advantage of the special training and artistic atmosphere of Wagner's theatre without being compelled to travel to Germany. The project has been enthusiastically received in some quarters and criticised in others. Mme. Schumann-Heink, herself a Bayreuth singer of distinction, says: "There is but one Jerusalem, one Rome, one Mecca—there is but one Bayreuth. You may raze the Bayreuth Opera House to the ground and ship it, piece by piece, to New York; send over the scenery, the artists, the musicians, dig up the very earth itself, but you cannot bring to New York the atmosphere, the environment and the tradition that surround Bayreuth. These are and will remain forever sacred." The following article by W. G. Fitzgerald tells all about Wagner's famous theatre, a Mecca to which thousands of musical pilgrims travel each year from all parts of the world:

DROPPING down the castled Rhine among the Wagner pilgrims on their way to the Bayreuth Festival, I paused awhile in moated Nuremberg, where the master laid the scene of "Die Meistersinger," and clothed himself in medieval velvets and silks to feel in harmony with the "period," as he scribbled his eager score. And later as I approached quiet old Bayreuth, and the queer-looking theatre emerged from the dark green of the wooded Bürgerreuth, I could not help marveling at the memory of the man's amazing audacity and perseverance.

As a musician he was the laughing stock of the entire "artistic" world; and his exquisite "Tannhäuser" overture was dismissed as "a mere inflated display of extravagance and noise!" But to praise or blame, poverty or wealth, Richard Wagner remained indifferent and contented himself with raising up enemies on every hand by his acrimonious defiance of actors, critics, singers and musicians.

All his life he refused to write for those who craved "a tune to whistle" or "an air to hum." And so for twenty-five long years this great and sensitive soul remained a joke—"a madman who wrote music that was mere cacophony."

The old formal Italian Opera, with its pages of recitative, poor libretto, and set arias and duets, was accepted as a classic, beside which Wagner's new "Music Drama" loomed as an

uncouth thing—poetry, gesture and music blended in one intensely powerful vehicle of expression.

Only Liszt believed in him. Said the "Rhapsodist" one day to a friend: "No German theatre can possibly give this man's work. He needs an ideal theatre of his own; and his own singers, chorus, mise-en-scène and conductors—all modeled to his peculiar requirements."

"Why, that would cost a million!" the friend said, aghast.

"Very likely," said Liszt quietly; "but he'll get it."

And he did, though the chances seemed a million to one against him. Men resented his colossal self-confidence; the queer conceits of his genius. And when he did turn in a few hundred precarious marks by a casual concert, the money was quickly exchanged for raiment that could hardly be called "quiet" or even in good taste; for the master affected coats and trousers of pink and yellow satin, outrageous dressing gowns, silk embroidered couches, and other works of art, both personal and domestic.

"I must have beauty, splendor, light," he would cry passionately, when prudent friends pointed out this extravagance in a man who knew not where his next week's rent should come from.



RICHARD WAGNER

"Why should I, who am preparing such exquisite delight for millions, be denied my little bit of luxury?"

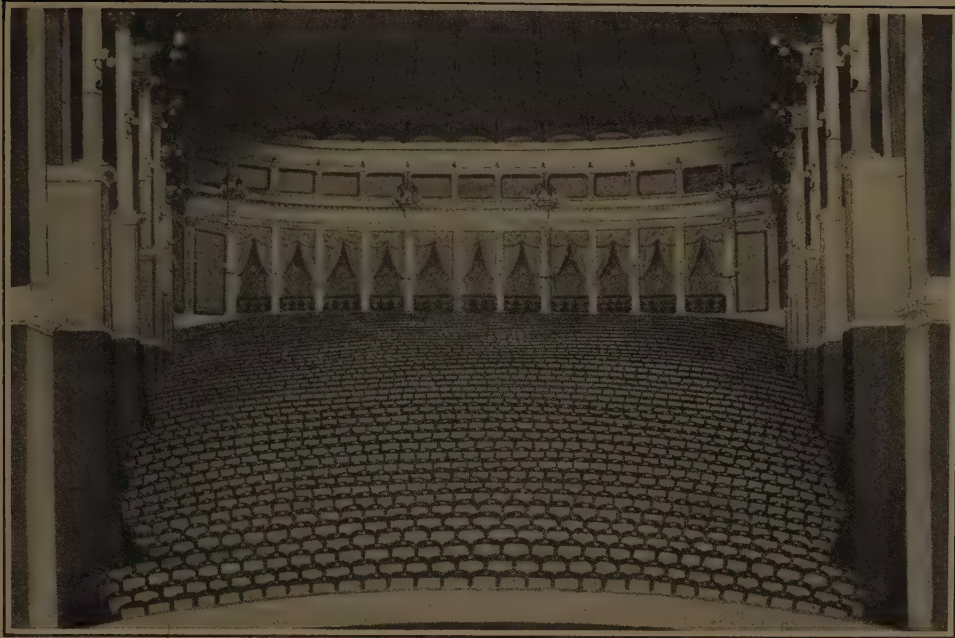
Alexandre Dumas called one morning and found the master "dressing the part" in a manner truly grotesque. And he was most irritated at the interruption. Dumas wishing to be pleasant, discoursed gaily on his ignorance of music. But his jokes fell flat; and so icy was

his reception that he went home deeply offended and forthwith entered the lists of bitter anti-Wagnerians with pen and voice.

Oddly enough, the day before he published his first powerful protest against the man and his music, Wagner himself thought fit to return his call. Here was Dumas' chance for revenge. He kept Wagner waiting for half an hour in a cold room, and when at length the author of "Monte Cristo" did appear, he was absurdly clad in a helmet, a life-belt and a rich silk dressing-gown!

"Pardon me," he said haughtily; "but this is my working dress. Half my ideas I keep in this helmet, and the rest may be found in a pair of riding boots upstairs, which I wear only when I am writing love-scenes!"

How long Richard Wagner stayed on this remarkable occasion or how deeply the insult penetrated, is not known. Certain it is he never lost an opportunity to denounce France and the French—who returned his scorn with interest when "Lohengrin"



INTERIOR OF THE FAMOUS WAGNER THEATRE AT BAYREUTH. THE SEATS ARE MODELED ON THE GREEK PLAN, AND ARE ALL THE SAME PRICE—\$5

and "Tannhäuser" were produced in Paris.

These were days when the man now termed "colossal genius," and "veritable god of music," was starving in a Paris garret, copying and arranging music. How did he keep heart during these long years? He *knew* he would win, and victory came after twenty-eight years of heart-rending struggle.

And here in Bayreuth he came into his own. Like many another reformer Wagner wrote pamphlets with the fiery zeal of another Milton. One of them expressed a desperate longing that one day there might arise some German sovereign willing to patronize true Art, rather than squander money on fashionable follies of the hour.

The appeal fell into the hands of a lad of fifteen, who four years later ascended the throne of Bavaria as King Ludwig II. You will see his bust before the door of the Villa Wahnfried, so long the master's home. A handsome, impetuous, romantic boy was Ludwig, who had early conceived a passionate admiration for Wagner. And the moment he was his own master he sent for his hero; but alas, while King Ludwig's messengers were hunting for him at his house in Penzing, Wagner was hiding from angry creditors in Stuttgart!

The transformation in his fortunes, indeed, reads like a fairytale—how the harassed, defeated, poverty-stricken genius became



GENERAL VIEW OF THE QUIET BAVARIAN TOWN OF BAYREUTH, WHICH WAGNER MADE HIS HOME. HIS THEATRE IS ON THE LEFT IN THE BACKGROUND



THE VILLA WAHNFRIED, RICHARD WAGNER'S HOME AT BAYREUTH, WHERE HIS WIDOW, FRAU COSIMA, AND HIS SON SIEGFRIED NOW HOLD RECEPTIONS DURING THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL

at one bound a king's favorite, and all obstacles fell away as if by magic in the attainment of his life's long dream.

For what Wagner longed for all through his weary years was a theatre of his own—not to make money or attract the *beau monde*, but merely to express the great principles on which his art was founded and interpret his epoch-making works in the most perfect manner under his own personal supervision.

Why Bayreuth was chosen for the "Ideal Theatre" he tells us himself. "The place was to be no capital with an established theatre, nor one of the frequented Baths, which in summer would offer me a totally undesirable public;

it was to be near the center of Germany and a Bavarian town."

It was in 1872 that Wagner took up his residence here and began at once to organize the first Bayreuth Festival, when the entire cycle of the "Ring des Nibelungen" was to be given. But the difficulties seemed insuperable. King Ludwig could not provide the necessary funds and they had to be raised somehow. Leading journals talked of the "colossal impudence" of the Bayreuth undertaking, and one of the most influential German magazines denounced Wagner as a swindler!

Still the disciples, few but fit, rallied round the master and in the summer of 1875 rehearsals were begun for the first Festival.



FRAU SCHUMANN-HEINK AS WALTRAUTE IN THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL



DR. VON BARG AS TRISTAN IN THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL

These were serious enough, for both actors and singers, chorus and general assistants had to be trained in an entirely new vocal, dramatic and mechanical manner. And yet the finest artists of the day were glad to give their services for nothing, discerning the greatness of the occasion, and proud of being trained by Wagner himself.

The first Festival began on Aug. 13, 1878.

It was attended by the Emperor, William I; King Ludwig of Bavaria; the Emperor of Brazil; several of the reigning princes of Germany, and three of the most famous musicians of the day—Liszt, Saint-Saëns and Grieg. Hans Richter conducted; and the weather being hot, the orchestra in the "mystic cave" worked away in its shirt sleeves, happily invisible to the audience.

After each interval between the acts a fanfare blown by four trumpeters was the signal for the resumption of the colossal drama, and no one was admitted after the door was once closed. It is said that one of the millionaire Rothschilds of Vienna thus lost an entire act of "Die Walküre" on the first night.

And yet despite this distinguished patronage and support the result was a financial deficit of \$37,500! The master was bitterly distressed and strove to wipe out the loss by a series of six gigantic Wagner concerts at the Albert Hall, in London. But even here he barely cleared expenses; and Queen Victoria's gracious words of encouragement helped but little to alleviate the terrible feelings of isolation and disappoint-

ment which he felt. object, and cared more for the success of the whole than for personal applause, which was looked on as a disturbance." Seven

months later, after the long and weary fight, Richard Wagner died in Venice not far from the spot where Robert Browning—another genius who was "ever a fighter"—passed away.

And so the man who had met nothing but disappointment and persecution all his life received, when it was over, a splendid public funeral. Representatives of all that was noble in Germany swelled the procession and carried his body to its garden grave behind the Villa Wahnfried, his Bayreuth home. He had often been heard to speak bitterly of the pauper funeral of Mozart, his idol.

And now all through the Festival weeks Wagner's little quiet grave is covered with wreaths and flowers by his widow, Frau Cosima Wagner, Liszt's daughter, and the faithful

guardian of the master's works, in which he embodied his great message to the world. It is here the music dramas are performed according to Wagner's own traditions; and the Festival



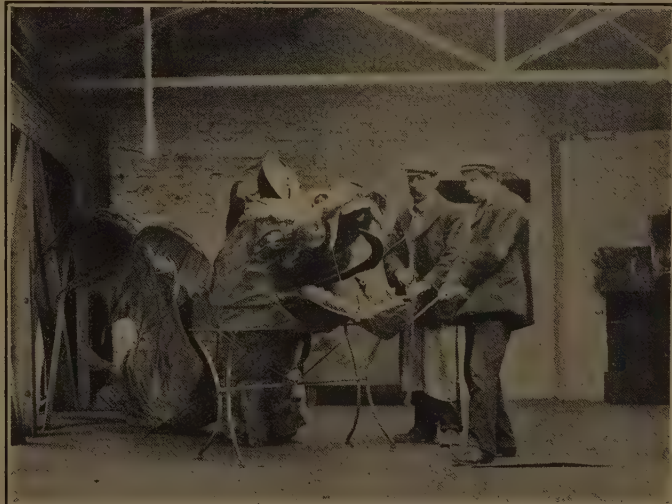
RICHARD WAGNER'S OWN ROOM IN THE VILLA WAHNFRIED. IT IS HERE THAT HE WROTE MUCH OF HIS IMMORTAL WORK



SIEGFRIED WAGNER



THE WILD VALKYRIE HORSES ON SPIKES READY TO BE FIXED ON TO THE TROLLEYS



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SIEGFRIED DRAGON

is one of the great events in the world's artistic life to-day.

"Parsifal," his last and according to most critics his greatest work, can be heard in its entirety only at Bayreuth; and the Festival Theatre is the only building in the world so constructed as to conform to the requirements of Wagner's ideal. Long before the date of the Festival itself distinguished singers and musicians begin to arrive from all parts of Europe and America. And as the opening day draws nigh the quaint old provincial city, with its memories of the princely Margraves of Branderburg-Culmbach, wakes from slumber. The little hotels are all too few for the crowds and private homes open hospitable doors to foreigners from all parts of the world.

A local committee is formed to make arrangements for these, as in Oberammergau. The charge for one performance in the theatre is the same in any part of the house—namely \$5. It is like no other theatre in the world, for the back of it is nearly twice as high as the front, in order to effect the rapid and extensive changes of scenery which are so marked a feature of the Wagner music drama.

One scene will be hoisted up by machinery into the very top of the structure, while the next scene, previously prepared in the vast cellars below the stage, is hauled up in its place. The

auditorium seats 1,600 people, and the seats are arranged on the plan of a Greek theatre, in tiers rising one above another and terminating in a row of boxes reserved for royal visitors and personal friends of Frau and Herr Siegfried Wagner. There are no side galleries; the seats are all equally good and the ventilation is perfect.

The stage is truly enormous and occupies much more space than the auditorium. Every detail of the entire structure was designed in accordance with Wagner's principles, especially as regards the invisibility of the orchestra—which, as he wrote when the Bayreuth Theatre was still an unrealized dream, "should completely disappear in relation to the singer; or more correctly should appear to be an integral part of the song."

Performances begin at four in the afternoon, and there is a long interval between each act, so that it is possible to sustain one's attention fresh and unwearied to the end. The large vestibule of the great theatre is filled during the intervals with cosmopolitan groups enjoying the coolness of the summer evening. There was a rule some years ago that traveling dress should be worn at the performances; but nowadays bright and very elaborate toilettes are in vogue, though evening dress is seldom worn.

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Henryk Sienkiewicz in the United States



Sienkiewicz

THE ancient adage about entertaining an angel unawares, may be varied into the equal, and more probable, likelihood of entertaining a genius in the chrysalis state. And keepsakes, treasured rather from habit than genuine sentiment, have, in the accumulated dust of years, developed an undreamed-of value.

So with this pencil sketch, which was entirely forgotten until the man who made it had become one of the world's great authors, and the one of whom the counterfeit presentment was made, is now dead, and only a casually remembered actor.

Oh, Fortune! What a fickle jade art thou!

The drawing was made in 1877 by Henryk Sienkiewicz of Charles Coghlan as Hamlet.

The Polish colony in southern California had failed, and Madame Modjeska had come to San Francisco to study English with me, and to seek a début on the American stage. Sienkiewicz had also drifted North. The Promised Land had not yielded what they hoped to find, so they journeyed to the city of the Golden Gate and demanded admittance.

All the world heard of Modjeska's welcome, but no one remembers the young author who was then writing short stories, contributing to a Warsaw paper, and at work upon a play for Modjeska—the scene laid in America. The *locale* may account for the play's being neither translated nor produced, as everything American seemed utterly unsympathetic to him. He disliked the country, was cynical of our customs, manners (or lack of manners), and he was the one member of that remarkable foreign colony who never acquired even the commonplace phrases of English.

Upon one occasion he sought aid from a text of *English Self-taught*, and bowing low over my hand, graciously inquired, "Good

morning! How is your heels?" I possessed certain facility in guessing at meanings, but his ungrammatical concern for that particular part of my anatomy baffled me. He thereupon produced the text, and pointed to the line, "Good morning! How is your health?" But how could he know that each letter was not pronounced? The sibilant *s* was as near as he could express our tongue-between-the-teeth digraph.

In appearance young Sienkiewicz was attractive, and Time has dealt kindly, for his pictures to-day are excellent likenesses of the man I knew almost thirty years ago.

His one keen enjoyment was the theatre, and he often sat with us in the box placed at Modjeska's disposal by the managers of the Baldwin Theatre—John McCullough and Barton Hill.

We were all tremendously interested in handsome Charles Coghlan, then in the heyday of success and giving brilliant performances. His Hamlet had aroused controversy, for he gave us an original and really mad Prince of Denmark. Modjeska and I were enthusiastic, but Sienkiewicz refused to share our feelings. However, he showed certain interest, for, turning to Madame, he said in Polish, "Tell her I will make her a picture of her ideal Hamlet."

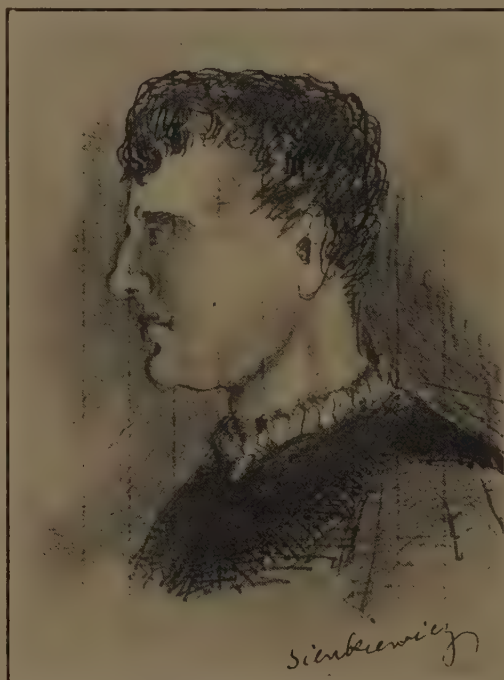
The result did bear resemblance to the original, and for that I kept it.

Modjeska's triumph followed, and the young compatriot sent a detailed account to the Warsaw paper. Words

could not express the sensation of that memorable night, yet Sienkiewicz again searched the *English Self-taught* and, according to his description, the crowd in the foyer was heard to rapturously exclaim, "How nice!" "By God! how pretty!"

To-day, in the zenith of success, Sienkiewicz finds America his foster-mother country after all. Fortune deals strangely, and one wonders whether he would have reached the heights had he allowed us to truly adopt him as we did Modjeska.

JOHANNA TUCHOLSKY.



CHARLES COGHLAN AS HAMLET

From a pencil sketch made in California in 1877 by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis"

Richard Harding Davis' Musical Farce, "The Yankee Tourist"



1, Raymond Hitchcock as Copeland Schuyler; 2, Eva Fallon as the Dutch girl; 3, Helen Hale, Eva Fallon and Flora Zabelle; 4, Clara Knoelke
Raymond Hitchcock, after two years devoted to straight farce without music, has brought his funny musical comedy methods to New York again in the musical farce "A Yankee Tourist." The piece, which is at the Astor Theatre, marks the Broadway stage debut of Mr. Davis as a librettist and Wallace Irwin as a comic song writer. The music is by Alfred G. Robyn, who furnished Hitchcock with his previous musical comedy success, "The Yankee Consul"



From a flashlight photograph taken in Tokyo

THE MIKADO'S ACTRESSES IN A TYPICAL JAPANESE ROMANTIC PLAY

To Adopt Western Methods on Japan's Stage

Japan has lately astonished the world by her military prowess, and her rapid assimilation of Occidental methods and ideas, but, strangely enough, there is one direction—that of the drama—in which she has made little or no progress.* Her stage to-day is hardly less barbaric and childish than it was in the days of the *sho-guns*. Of late years, a determined effort to introduce reform has been made by the adherents of the New School, and among these none have been more active than Shoyo Matsui, the dramatist and critic who recently visited Europe and America with the purpose of making a study of Western theatrical methods. Mr. Matsui was born in 1870, his father having held the rank of Samurai or Knight under the feudal system. His mother is well known as a Japanese poetess. In 1893 Mr. Matsui was appointed dramatic critic of the *Hochu*, a paper published in Tokyo, and two years later he became editor of the *Yorozu*. He is the author of four historical dramas, "Akugenda," "Genzanmi," "Goto," and "The Invasion of Khublai Khan," for the late Sadanzi the First, who was one of the greatest actors of the traditional or classic school in Japan. He has also written two comedies and an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" for Sadanzi the Second; an historical play, based on the Russo-Japanese War, for Kawakami, who is the leader of the New School; a Japanese version of "Francesca da Rimini," and of Le Queux's "Strange Story of a Nihilist," for both Takada and Ii, who are among the greatest actors of the New School. His other works include many novels and translations, including Molière's comedies, Zola's and Maurus Jokai's novels. In the following article Mr. Matsui gives an interesting account of theatrical conditions in his own country to-day, and of his plans for reforming the Japanese stage:

AS A dramatist, dramatic critic, and editor of one of the most important newspapers in Japan for the past ten years I think I may say that, during this time, I have contributed something to the Japanese stage. It is, however, with regret that I have to admit that my labors so far have been without serious result, except that I was a pioneer in advocating the adoption on our boards of your methods of stage scenery. On the other hand, while my numerous plays and several hundred criticisms have apparently had but little effect in changing the taste of the greater public, it is true that Japanese society is showing a greater tendency every year to demand something new from the Japanese theatre, which has made little or no progress in the past hundred years.

Our quick adaptation of European civilization enabled my country to conquer one of the greatest of the European powers, but the stage of Japan has remained untouched by the advance of modern ideas, and I may admit that I am somewhat of a pessimist as to its future. Not only has our drama been unable to keep up with the progress made in Japan in industry and science, but it has been left far behind by its sister arts, such as painting, literature, and music.

I made up my mind, therefore, to come to Occidental countries in order to study your dramatic art with a view to developing our own drama on the same lines on my return to Japan. Do not suppose,

however, that I am a slavish imitator of everything foreign as are many of my countrymen. On the contrary, I think that Japanese art stands by itself. It has its own characteristics, its own color, and this is especially true of the dramatic art. Of course, the seclusion and isolation of our country for so long a time has resulted in too much convention in its art, but I think our drama has greater *finesse* and art than the drama of the Western nations, and this we must not lose.



SHOYO MATSUI

I came abroad to get ideas as to the best way to improve Japanese dramatic art. What have I found that we have not got at home? Gigantic theatres, costly decorations, elaborate scenery, clever stage mechanism, admirably managed calcium lights. All this, of course, is vastly superior to anything we have in Japan, yet it is not what has most impressed me, for we can have all of it in our country if we like to pay for it. Something else is needed in Japan if we wish to regenerate our stage. I speak of the player.

Since the deaths of Danjuro, Kikugoro, and Sadaryi, who were the three greatest actors in recent years, our stage has fallen into darkness, and few can distinguish a light in its future. But I have discovered a star which perhaps may lead us to Jerusalem.

I confess frankly that it was very difficult for me at first to gauge the values of foreign dramatic art. When I first went to Europe many famous actors and ac-

tresses in England and France, including Mr. Irving, Mr. Tree, Mr. Robertson, Miss Terry, Mme. Bernhardt, M. Coquelin, M. Génier, manager of the Théâtre Antoine, etc., were kind enough to let me witness their rehearsals. I saw the classes at work in the Academy of Dramatic Art in London, established by Mr. Tree, and I was present at many of the classes of the Paris Conservatoire, thanks to the kindness of Mme. Bernhardt and M. Gabriel Fauller, President of the Conservatoire, so that I was able to sound to its very depth the art of the Western drama. My investigation led to the conclusion that your Western drama owes its present high development chiefly to the sincere study and patient training of your actors in their art. In Japan it is quite different. Our actors often go on the stage at a very early age, as did your Ellen Terry, but they do not work so hard as the actors in your country, for the reason that with us imitation is the best way to make one's name famous. Even our most painstaking actors do not give more than ten days' rehearsal to a new rôle. It is not unusual for nearly all the actors in a company, even those of the present rank, to forget the words of their rôles, and this careless study of course necessitates the services of a prompter, who is supposed to be out of sight of the audience by wearing a black costume, like your prologue in the Shakespearian plays,



SADANJI THE SECOND

Son of the greatest Japanese actor of his time, his mother being a Geisha. Now proprietor of the Meiji Theatre in Tokyo. Recently visited Europe and America to study Occidental methods. Promises to introduce reforms on the Japanese stage

and who struts behind the footlights in the same manner as an actor, reading the prompt book in a very loud voice. The ludicrous result may be imagined.

However, Japanese dramatic art has slightly improved in recent years, and we are now striving to introduce complete reform. By long experience I have discovered that it is very difficult to discourage our present actors with the actual conditions of the Japanese stage. Most of our actors are quite content to leave matters as they are, for as it is now they earn good salaries, and do not have to work hard with rehearsals. Some of our actors are paid as much as \$2,500 for twenty days' work, while the expense of living in Japan is ten times cheaper than in your country, and the work they are called upon to do on the stage is a hundred times easier than is the case with your actors. Is it likely that such a spoiled child would care to become a painstaking artist? In Japan they are not fond of pouring new wine into old bottles. We must therefore find new men for a new world. It is remarkable that in Japan to-day many scholars are invading the exclusive circle of the old drama to become professional actors, and this in spite of the remnant of a feudal prejudice which looks down upon the actor's profession as a degradation.



THE STAGE AND AUDITORIUM OF A TOKYO THEATRE

From a flashlight photograph taken in Tokyo

Showing the company of players and the tiny compartments in which the audience sits. To be at the theatre on time, playgoers must rise with the sun, and all their meals, including breakfast, are eaten in the tiny box in the playhouse. It is not an easy task to reach one's seat, and once the party has settled down, nothing but a catastrophe would induce it to leave the box. They eat in it, smoke in it, nurse babies in it, and put themselves thoroughly at their ease. In each box there is a small stove, at which they light the short Japanese pipe, and at their side is the plate of rice and fish with the traditional chop sticks, and a bottle of *saka* (rice brandy), and cups of tea, which are filled as often as emptied. The women chew candy and the men partake freely of *saka* as the play goes on



HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Who will appear this season in a dramatization of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, entitled "The Christian Pilgrim"



Hall

APHIE JAMES

Wife of Louis James, and who will be seen as Adriana in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" this season

These new invaders of the Japanese drama smack too much of the amateur to completely replace the old school actors. It is necessary that there be some way in which they can be properly trained. I therefore made up my mind to establish an Academy of Dramatic Art in Tokyo, as soon as I return, on the lines of Mr. Tree's Academy in London. But do not think that I am going to found a school where foreign dramatic methods will be taught. What I intend to do is to establish a school for genuine Japanese dramatic art. I want to create a new method of teaching Japanese dramatic art according to the foreign method—such as stage dancing, pantomime, and the art of expression of Delsarte, whose name curiously enough has been forgotten in his own country. Of course we shall naturalize each of these arts in the characteristic Japanese way.

Fortunately I shall have the valuable co-operation of Sadanji the second, one of the greatest actors in Japan, and the only one of our players who seems ready to awaken from Japan's long theatrical sleep and adopt new methods. He came to Europe with the same purpose as myself. Touched by his sincerity to the dramatic art, and his earnestness to advance our stage—even giving up his acting to do so—I welcomed him

in Paris, where I introduced him to many celebrated artists, and during our stay in London I made him learn "voice production" and the "art of expression," which he mastered in a few weeks in

spite of his ignorance of the English language, astonishing his teacher. I do not doubt that he will be a great help to my long cherished plan of establishing a Japanese Academy of Dramatic Art.

I have learned many things in the Western theatrical world during this trip. I can hardly repress my emotion each time I think of the kindness which has been poured upon me by many of the world's most renowned artists. Not only in England and America, our old friends, but even in France, Italy, Germany and Austria I was received as more than a friend. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Ellen Terry treated me like a spoiled child, and gave me many introductory letters to celebrated people. I have much to tell my countrymen on my return about the Western dramatic world, but the most important thing, I think, is the fine character of your artists, their loyalty to their art, the hard work they do to master its technique, and their intellectual grasp which is so necessary in the artist's profession.

SHOYO MATSUI.



PAUL McALLISTER

Favorite leading man recently seen in "The System of Dr. Tarr" at Proctor's Theatre



From London Sketch

ACT I. THE PRINCE AND SONIA



ACT II. INSIDE MAXIM'S FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Mr. Savage's Production of "The Merry Widow"

THE first American production of the almost sensationally successful Viennese operetta, "The Merry Widow," will be made by Henry W. Savage in Syracuse on September 23d, next. After appearing in Buffalo and other towns the company then goes to Philadelphia for the week of October 7, and will open in New York for a metropolitan run on October 14.

This piece, the German title of which is "Die Lustige Witwe," is the work of Victor Leon and Leo Stein, two Viennese journalists, who wrote the book, and Franz Lehár, who composed the music. It was originally produced in Vienna as long ago as December 30, 1905, when the rights for the United States were secured by Mr. Savage. The American manager intended producing the opera here last season, but there were obstacles in the way, owing to the absence of an adequate English version and of an agreement made with George Edwardes, the English manager, by which the London production was to be made first. At that time Mr. Savage intended to engage all the principals for the operetta abroad, but since then he has changed his mind. The English version made by Edward Morton, lyrics by Adrian Ross, will be used here, but the cast will be entirely American.

Long ago "The Merry Widow" passed its 400th performance in Vienna and this success has been repeated everywhere with the exception of Milan. In London it was produced on June 8th, last, at Daly's Theatre, and with enormous success. The piece makes its strong popular appeal less on account of its libretto than for its gay and rhythmical music, and above all for its captivating waltz, the languorous melody of which completely carries the audience off its feet and sends it whistling and humming the air into the streets. Over 800,000 copies of the waltz had been sold in England at the time the operetta was first produced there.

"The design of 'Die Lustige Wit-

we,'" says the *London Stage*, "has naturally suffered in the transfer of the piece from the original German. The story, if by no means sacrificed, has been none too dexterously handled. The main interest should be the love affair of Prince Danilo, the Crown Prince of the impecunious State of Marsovia, and Sonia, the young widow with her fortune of twenty millions. But this love affair is not developed with much resource—indeed, the same position seems to be repeating itself throughout; while too much attention is given to the sub-plot, which deals with an intrigue between Natalie, wife of Baron Popoff, the Marsovia Ambassador in Paris, and the Vicomte Camille de Jolidon.

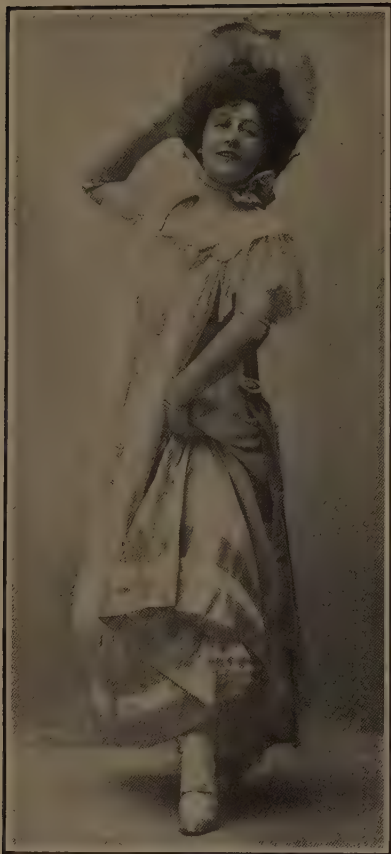
Though Popoff, the deceived husband, is made a broadly comic personage, there are serious moments in this intrigue. De Jolidon has written on Natalie's fan the words, 'I love you,' and the fan is lost at the brilliant ball given at the Embassy. It passes through various hands before coming into the possession of the husband, whose suspicions, however, are allayed by some words that Natalie has in the meantime added to the line on the fan, 'I am a dutiful wife.' Popoff had suspected nothing until he found—if he could believe his eyes—Natalie and de Jolidon closeted in the pavilion in the grounds of Sonia's house. Popoff had thought that de Jolidon was angling for Sonia, and had even desired Natalie to carry on a flirtation with the vicomte as a diplomatic method of distracting his attention from Sonia. Sonia, by means of a back door, takes Natalie's place in the summer house with de Jolidon, and Popoff is amazed to see her and not his wife step out from this compromising retreat. There is no sufficient motive for Sonia to act in this way—it is, indeed, the last thing that she would do, for her great aim is to stand well in Danilo's eyes.

"The working out of this sub-plot—in which other figures are con-



From London Sketch

SONIA AND VICOMTE DE JOLIDON



ESTELLE LE BURT IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

cerned, the jealous General Novikovich, for example—interferes with the central motive. Sonia and Danilo were lovers some years ago, when she was a dowerless Marsovian beauty. Danilo's uncle made a summary end to the romance. Sonia married a multi-millionaire, since dead, and Danilo plunged into Parisian gaieties, of which his song about Lo-Lo, Jou-Jou, Clo-Clo, and other frail charmers of Maxim's is sufficiently instructive. When Sonia meets Danilo again, at the ball at the Embassy, each mistrusts the motives of the other.

"Danilo, stung by Sonia's reference to her wealth, vows to her face that nothing shall ever induce him to say that he loves her. Sonia, in her heart, takes up the challenge. Here is something of a Benedick-and-Beatrice position, but it is not carried through with any battle of wits, nor any great resource of craftsmanship.

"The chief fascination that Sonia plies before Danilo is to dance. When things are going ill with her wooing, she drops into one of Herr Lehár's haunting dance rhythms. Danilo, for his part, when his temper is out, goes off to Maxim's. Sonia, in the end, has even to follow him to that lively haunt and rescue him from the allurements of Lo-Lo, Do-Do, Jou-Jou, and the rest of the giddy nine."

Special scenery for the American production is being made by Walter Burridge, and Franz Ziegler, who directed the play during its run in Vienna, will direct the piece here. Estelle Bloomfield, who was one of five prima donnas who sang "Madame Butterfly" last season, has been engaged for the rôle of Natalie, and Robert E. Graham

will play the part of the Marsovian Ambassador Popoff. Marion Armstrong will also be seen in one of the principal rôles. X. X.



PEGGY BALLOU IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"



Hall
VISIT OF THE FRIARS TO THE SUMMER COTTAGE OF LOUIS JAMES AT MONMOUTH BEACH

The Friars is an organization of New York theatrical men, principally press representatives. The names of those present are: 1, H. G. Snow; 2, J. E. Hoff; 3, T. Hodgeman; 4, J. Cornoly; 5, Wm. Burrowes; 6, W. W. Decker; 7, J. H. Behmyer; 8, A. McHugh; 9, J. Jermon; 10, E. King; 11, W. Gentry; 12, P. Armstrong; 13, J. Montague; 14, A. J. Englander; 15, G. Walker; 16, F. L. Walker; 17, W. M. Hull; 18, A. Hunt; 19, John Pollock; 20, H. P. Herrick; 21, H. F. Greene; 22, R. Webster; 23, G. F. Nolan; 24, H. Pennypacker; 25, Mr. Shaftoe; 26, J. F. Meyers; 27, M. Corey; 28, F. C. Payne; 29, J. McKeever; 30, C. E. Ford; 31, G. H. Payne; 32, Hy. Mayer; 33, J. E. Hammond; 34, P. F. Cavanaugh; 35, H. McVicker; 36, J. D. Leffingwell; 37, J. W. Stanley; 38, A. P. Dunlop; 39, H. Sloan; 40, L. Morgenstern; 41, C. Burns; 42, C. Connolly; 43, J. F. Cavanaugh; 44, M. White, Jr.; 45, E. K. Allen; 46, E. J. Abrams; 47, J. MacMahon; 48, L. Nethersole; 49, E. Frieberger; 50, W. K. Semple; 51, A. McCune; 52, F. Miller; 53, G. McManus; 54, Dr. Callendar; 55, Z. M. Paris; 56, E. Salt; 57, A. Dorris; 58, P. Mindil; 59, C. E. Cook; 60, L. Anhalt; 61, Louis James; 62, G. A. Edes; 63, Mrs. Louis James; 64, J. F. Pribyl; 65, W. Munroe; 66, G. W. Sammis; 67, Wells Hawks; 68, C. F. Brown; 69, W. Floyd; 70, D. Traitel; 71, M. Hemmitt; 72, A. Simmonds



SOME OF THE CHORUS GIRLS IN "FASCINATING FLORA" AT THE CASINO

Europe's Most Famous Amateur Actress

THE most aristocratic, the most brilliant and the most profligate court of the world is that of Vienna. And there society, envious of its blazons and its blue ancestral blood, is ruled over by a woman over seventy years of age, but whose eyes still glitter with the fires of youth, who still laughs and jokes, can tread a stage and play a part of mimicry or caustic comedy as well as any Réjane, who organizes great entertainments, and whose splendid fêtes outrival in magnificence and magnetism of pleasure those of all other hostesses, and who also on more than one occasion has had a deeply stirring finger in European politics.

Princess Pauline Metternich, wittily named by herself on account of her homely features "Singe à la Mode," was born in Hungary, but, in every city she has visited, has been able to adapt herself most readily to its life. In Paris she was a true Parisian, in London a typical Englishwoman, in Berlin the soul of the people, and in Vienna, for more than half a century, has epitomized at home and abroad the characteristics of Vienna court life. In the Austrian capital she still rules society with absolute sway. There her whole life belongs to the public, there she will be discussed and patterned after as long as she lives, after she dies will probably continue to be quoted, and in time, it may be, because of her many kind and charitable deeds a legend will be woven about her name. She is a woman who has experienced so much, seen and lived in the midst of so many exciting events that she can not only turn back over very many pages of history, but might also, if she felt disposed, relate many funny and interesting incidents that have never yet been recorded.

The first time "The Metternich" (as she is usually called in Vienna) appeared prominently before the public eye was very many years ago, in a performance arranged by some aristocratic ladies for a public charity. The play, a one-act comedy written by Wilbrandt, took place in the Ring Theater, then known as the Opéra Comique, and the Princess' performance of her rôle, that

of a chambermaid, was so perfectly given that she was the acknowledged star of the evening, and the famous Sonnenthal was her fellow actor. After this successful début at the Ring Theater she took part for several seasons in numerous other charitable performances, and from this time on the love of the stage seemed to take entire possession of her. Comedy, however, was her forte. Her great grief, though, was that her singing could not compare with her gift for acting. She wanted to have a voice like Patti's, and this she once confided to the great prima donna; but Patti knew that, even on the amateur stage, she need not fear her as a rival, for she had simply what the French call "un filet de voix," and only in a drawing room could she make much success with it. But the Princess could be extremely funny. Few could surpass her in this respect, and so, in other lands besides her own, she continued to amuse the public with her acting and her singing.

Later on, in France, "The Metternich" became a conspicuous figure at the Court of Napoleon III, and here her different experiences might furnish material for a few volumes of "Recollections." It was during this period especially that she showed herself to be a clever and apt politician, proved by the fact that it was she, without doubt, who lured Napoleon on to his unlucky war with Mexico, and



PRINCESS METTERNICH



White

KATE McLAURIN

Leading woman for Edgar Selwyn in "Strongheart"



Sarony

GRACE ELLISTON

Will be seen in a new production this season

then with a cleverness quite equal to the occasion managed later to reinstate good conditions between France and Austria. But clever as she might be as a politician, which talent she came by naturally, being the granddaughter of the great Austrian Councilor of State, she loved art better. Through her influence in 1867 Johann Strauss was introduced to the Parisian public. She first got up a concert for him in her own palace, and shortly after succeeded in opening to him the doors of the Grand Opera House, where were gathered together on this occasion an audience which included some of the greatest lights of the French musical world—Marsfelde, Massenet, Bizet, Delibes, etc. And Gounod also said that he was glad to listen to Strauss' "Danube Waltz." Six years previous to this she had also paved the way for Richard Wagner (which she always said was one of her proudest acts), and which was nothing less than the first production in the French capital of "Tannhäuser."

This she also brought about in a most amusing way, it being the prize she claimed for a philopena present she had won from the Emperor. But, sad to say, the first representation of "Tannhäuser" in

Paris, notwithstanding the efforts of its noble patroness, did not prove a great success, and the Princess, to soothe her feelings, turned her attention once more to private theatrical entertainments.

From this time on with greater zest than ever pleasures of this type whirled in quick succession from palace to palace, where comedies, charades, proverb acting and even light tragedy were undertaken, and in all of which Pauline Metternich took a prominent part. This state of things continued until the war cloud that had long been threatening broke over France and brought about the separation of these pleasure-seekers.

The Princess now returned to Vienna, and for a short time lived much more quietly than was her custom. It was not long, however, before the love of the stage once more exercised its old charm over her, and her energies became again devoted to it, as well as to the ballroom and other society functions. A wave of her hand seemed to be all that was necessary to collect a gay crowd together. The Princess recently celebrated her seventieth birthday in Vienna, and although her hair may now have grown quite white, her vitality seems to be undiminished. L. M. DAVIDSON.



WALTER HAMPDEN

Who will be Mme. Nazimova's leading man this season. Mr. Hampden is an American actor, but his career has been chiefly identified with the English stage. He was for three years a member of the Benson's Shakespearian Company, and won much praise for his Romeo. Later he made a hit as the romantic hero in "The Prayer of the Sword"

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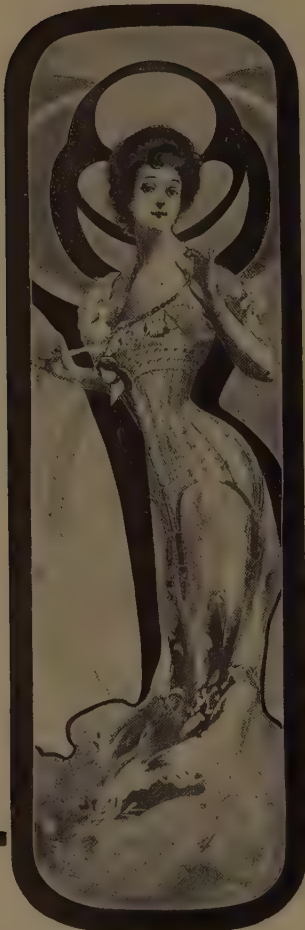
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Two Old Players Dead

MRS. W. G. JONES

Mrs. W. G. Jones, who since the death of Mrs. Gilbert has been considered the oldest actress on the American stage, died recently at the age of seventy-nine. She had been on the stage for seventy-five years and made her stage debut in Philadelphia.

"She had her first speaking part," says the New York Times, "as the Duke of York in 'Richard III,' played by Junius Brutus Booth. Strangely enough, her last engagement was in this same play last year with Robert Mantell, and then she played the Duchess of York. At various times and with various actors she played nearly every female part in 'Richard III' and two male parts, those of the Duke of York and the Prince of Wales. There is scarcely an actor or actress who has gained distinction on this side of the water in the last three-quarters of a century who was not, at one time, a personal friend of Mrs. Jones. As she expressed it, speaking of her Shakespearean parts, she had played the nurse to so many Juliets and Romeos that she felt as if she were the nurse of the whole world. She first played that part in 1879, when Annie Boyle was Juliet. Since then she has played it with Maude Adams and Eleanor Robson. Kyrle Bellew was once the Romeo, and at another time Faversham was. One of her first parts, and one she often spoke of in later years, was in the company of Charlotte Cushman. In 'Meg Merrilies,' when Charlotte Cushman came to the place where she was to sing a crooning gipsy song, the cue was always passed to Julia, who sang the song for her. It was with this song, said one of her friends, that the old actress had sung all of her children to sleep."

MR. JOHN CARTER

John Carter, an actor, who attained the age of eighty-eight years, died recently in Philadelphia. Mr. Carter, who was born in England, began his career as an actor when only five years of age. At that time he appeared as the child's ghost in "Macbeth." He played François to Macready's Richelieu, and supported such stars as Edmund Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Charles Dillon, Edmund Falconer, H. L. Bateman, and Sir Henry Irving. He gave the original portrayal of Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in England. He came to America with Sir Henry Irving when that tragedian made his first visit, playing Walter in "The Hunchback."

The Uncertain Playwrights

Although a knowledge of technique unquestionably counts for much in the business of writing for the stage, the curious thing is that neither long experience nor an intimate acquaintance with the principles of the drama seems to avail anything where the choice of a likely subject or the treatment of a difficult situation is concerned. On such points, as has been said again and again, the oldest playwright is as liable to go wrong as the youngest novice, and it is just this element of uncertainty that serves to render all theorizing on the subject of the drama so disappointing, and in the majority of instances so entirely futile.—*Daily Telegraph, London.*

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Chat with Edwin Milton Royle

(Continued from page 243)

While I am writing a play. Mrs. Royle receives me of all the business connected with my old plays while I am writing new ones. She answers my letters and does everything she can to keep my mind free from any consideration except the play in hand. At these times I seem to be unable to think of any thing else. I don't go to see other plays lest they divert my attention, and I cannot read anything but the newspapers. No book can hold my attention.

"Dialogue is the easiest part of playwriting. The title is one of the hardest. At least I have never yet chosen a title that was liked—beforehand. 'The Squaw Man' was especially criticized. My friends and the managers said it was suggested a contemptible creature or it suggested nothing, for many persons wouldn't know what it meant.

"I don't work by rule. There is no established sequence in my development of a play. I have no system of character study. My only working rule is to know what people are interested in and write as good a play about that thing as possible."

"Was your acting experience valuable preparation for playwriting?"

"It was invaluable."

"It has always been my theory that an actor is better fitted than anyone else to write successful plays, but one hears the contrary opinion every day."

"There is precedent for your view. Actors have been writing the successful plays since Molière, an actor, and Shakespeare, another actor, wrote theirs."

"Pinero was an actor."

"Yes, and Augustus Thomas was on the stage. Charles Klein also. I don't know that Clyde Hutchinson was ever an actor, but he could well have been one."

ADA PATTERSON.



Sketch

MME. CARUSO

Wife of the famous tenor

Will America Have Its Bayreuth?

(Continued from page 248)

During the Festival, Frau Wagner with her daughters and her son Siegfried, give weekly receptions at the Villa Wahnfried, where all the most interesting personalities in the musical world may be met by those who are fortunate enough to give the *entrée*. I have seen at one time in Wagner's own drawing-room at the Villa, Padewski, Kubelik, Sarasate, Dr. Richter, Herr Ottl, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Puccini, and a host of others of lesser note.

The central hall of the Villa, where these musical receptions take place, is adorned with a superb bust of Wagner himself, with statues of some of his principal heroes,—Siegfried, Tristan, Tannhäuser and others. Leading from this saloon is a very fine library, containing valuable Wagner photographs and portraits. The Abbé Liszt used to be one of the shining lights of the Festival, but he died during the season of 1886, having come to the hand of Death upon him to render a last homage to the memory of his lifelong friend of whom this is written to-day:

"Certain it is that as long as Opera endures—any, until music shall cease to exist—the name of Richard Wagner will be placed side by side with that of the few great geniuses this world has produced."

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How I Invented Pageantry

Louis N. Parker in London Sketch

In 1904 the people of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, realized that the following year would be the twelfth centenary of the founding of the bishopric, school and town, and they asked me whether a folk-play might not be a novel way of celebrating this historic event. I fell in with the suggestion all the more readily, as I had always wished to organize such a performance in the ruins of Sherborne Castle. We began very modestly, but we



From Sketch

LA MILO'S GODIVA "COSTUME": THE FAMOUS LIVING STATUE AS SHE APPEARED IN THE COVENTRY PROCESSION

ended with over 900 performers and audiences totaling 50,000. Thus pageantry was invented.

Once, in speaking of the necessary qualifications for the actors in a pageant, I remarked, "All we require is a childlike heart." I find it is by no means limited to the performers, for even when the pageant is produced everyone wants to know how it is done in exactly the same way as, when children are taken to see a conjurer, they want to find out just how he makes two guinea-pigs out of an omelette, and how two rabbits can be rubbed together to make only one.

In the old days there used to be hidden things and Eleusinian mysteries, but to-day the heart must be plucked out of every mystery and laid, still beating and palpitating, for the curious to gaze on.

As it is part of life that the minority must bow before the will of the majority, so it is that, in deference to the greater force, I have brought myself to tell how a pageant is managed so that the two thousand and more performers who take part in these festivals are kept within bounds and work together to produce a result which has, with justice, been admitted to be an artistic whole.

Perhaps I ought to say, in the language of the conjurer, "it is all done by long practice and sleight-of-hand." Long practice it certainly does need, for it is not the actual week of the pageant that matters. It is the preceding year which is devoted to studying the history of the town, consulting authorities, designing, contriving, cutting out, sewing, sawing, glueing, hammering. It is the discovery of unsuspected talent, of dormant gifts among the citizens that matters; it is the dragging into life of those multitudinous gifts and talents that is the valuable thing.

For six weeks before a pageant begins I am in residence in the pageant town. Long before the book has been written, the cast fixed, and all the preparations made. After a week of preliminary arrangements the rehearsals begin in grim earnest—going on from early morning until late at night, with special rehearsals of such individuals as choose to come to me for coaching at their own convenience.

The performers are always so keen that, though the work is long, it does not involve any trouble. For three weeks rehearsals go on in private, by which time the actors have become so thoroughly used to their parts that they are able to go through them with absolute accuracy, and we can begin to have rehearsals in public. How admirably the actors prepare themselves may be judged from the fact that the first public rehearsal usually takes only ten minutes longer than the actual performance itself.

So far as the directing of the pageant is concerned, during the performance it is all done by me personally. Broadly speaking, I may be said to conduct it in much the same way as a con-

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tor keeps his orchestra together, for nothing done without my definite signal.

On the top of the grandstand there is erected a little pent-house, with a single chair in it and a table in front of it. Fixed to the table are a number of electric bells, which ring in each of the five entrances erected at different parts of the lawn which does duty for the stage. The different characters and all the processions appear in these entrances. Everything has to be timed to the utmost accuracy in order that the actors may be in their places at the exact moment. It would be impossible to rely on the performers themselves hearing the cues and advancing at the proper time. From my coign of vantage I can not only see but can also hear everything that goes on, and I give the signal for the entrances. Nobody starts to move until I ring. Woe betide the unlucky mortal who did. I have means of making him feel the effects of my wrath which would actually prevent him repeating his error.

In order that I may know that the bell has rung and given its signal to the actors waiting in the entrances, an arrangement is made by which a bell on my table also rings, but so softly that it is impossible for anyone in the grandstand beneath to hear it. Indeed, it is impossible for any member of the audience to hear the bells, even those ranging the entrances, which are comparatively near the auditorium.

Sometimes it is necessary for me to communicate with the orchestra. This I do by means of a speaking-tube; while as it is impossible for me to hear the music from where I sit, I have introduced a special device, leading from the orchestra to a chair, by which at any given moment I can hear what is being played. All these different devices are concealed so that the audience never gets even a glimpse of the technical side of the theatre.

In order to prevent the players advancing too near to the audience, and so getting out of the line of sight of those in the high seats at the back, a line, which might be compared with the footlights in a theatre, is marked on the grass; but the time the pageant begins it is not necessary to use it, as the performers all know their places, and take them up every time within a couple of inches.

There are also special signals for shouts, cheers, applause and laughter, which have to be taken up by the performers off the stage; but though I regard them as a matter of precaution, there is really no necessity, as the players all get to follow them by heart.

In case anyone should by chance start to make an entrance before his time, I am provided with a megaphone, which enables me to speak to him without the audience being aware of the fact. I can use it at the rehearsals, as it enables my directions to be easily heard by everyone. Although I am only five feet below me can hear what I say, my voice can easily be heard all over the ground. Indeed, on certain rare occasions during the rehearsals, when the wind was blowing the right way, the words which issued from the megaphone were actually heard in the next village, a distance of two miles, and the inhabitants declared that they sounded like distant thunder.

There is thus not much of an intricate nature in the arrangements, which, however, need careful attention all the time, and that purposeful concentration of effort which is essential for the smooth solution of all stage performances—with this special difference, that the actors are not grouped together under the hand, as it were, of the stage director, but are scattered all over a large area of ground, out of earshot and out of the reach of the summons of the call-boy.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
For the Home and Office.

Actors and their Profession

Perhaps no species of enthusiasm is more valuable than that which actors of ardent feelings are apt to nourish for the art they profess. In other cases, time and perpetual familiarity have a tendency to wear away and diminish our attachment; but the love an enthusiastic actor feels for his profession survives almost all other passions, and seems to flourish most in seared and scorched bosoms.—*Osservatore, Rome.*

Neglected Shakespeare

Shakespeare to-day is not read in the home, and arouses no interest except for the literary expert or for the display of spectacle at the theatre. The number of the editions of Shakespeare's plays which are published yearly is no evidence of the extent to which he is read. This is only a form of literary commercialism. The plays are published to ornament the bookcase, to be thumb-marked by perusal.—*Mr. William Poel in the Tribune.*

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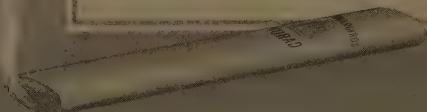
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The Rise of the Curtain

(Continued from page 230)

When a piece originally presented as comedy drama has failed to realize expectations the manager, far from being discouraged, adds musical trimmings and hands it back to the public under another name, like the ingenious cook who serves up with a new sauce a dish that has been sent untouched from the table. The edible remains the same, only the form is changed. These remarks are pertinent to "A Yankee Tourist," now at the Astor, and which was seen at the Garden last season under the title "The Galloper." Mr. Wallace Irwin writes capital lyrics and Mr. Alfred G. Robyn orchestrates well, but neither of these new collaborators has succeeded in infusing much life into Richard Harding Davis' turgid play. Catchy topical songs, some graceful dancing and an efficient chorus go far to lighten the tedium of the action, but at best the revised version makes diluted entertainment. Raymond Hitchcock, who is an ideal extravaganza comedian, wastes his time in these eccentric character rôles. Notwithstanding his strenuous efforts, he extracts no real humor from the part of Copeland Schuyler. Miss Flora Zabelle as Grace Whitney, Helen Hale as Blanche Bailey and Eva Fallon as the chief steward looked pretty and acted discreetly.

WALLACK'S. "THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL." Musical comedy in 3 acts. Book by Will M. Hough and Frank Adams. Lyrics and music by Joseph E. Howard. Produced August 5 with this cast:

Pietro, William Ricciardi; Mrs. Talcott, Harriet Burt; Molly Kelly, Elene Foster; Bud Simpson, John C. Rowe; Jasper Simpson, George Ebner; Laurie Farnham, James Norval; An Attendant, Barney McConnell; Margaret Simpson, Violet McMillen; Tom Cunningham, George Anderson; "Happy" Johnny Hicks, Arthur Deagon; Willie Talcott, Hubert Hornsby; A Chauffeur, Clyde Hunnewell; A Coal Heaver, George Johnson; A Police Sergeant, William O'Day.

This extraordinary mélange of second-class musical comedy, rough-and-tumble farce, and sensational melodrama hails from the West and came to the Empire City with a record of successful runs in Chicago, Boston and other towns, where they are supposed to know a good thing when they see it. New York is hardly likely to endorse their verdict, for it found little in the piece to commend or to justify its reputation. The story was trite and clumsily told, the situations absurd, the humor leaden and much of the comedy the roughest horseplay, while the dialogue for the most part consisted of unintelligible slang in poor imitation of George Ade. It savored of desecration to see a show of this description cavorting on Wallack's classic boards. The one redeeming feature was an excellent chorus made up of a large number of uncommonly attractive girls, well trained by the experienced Ned Wayburn. They danced gracefully and filled the stage with gaiety, movement and color.

The action is supposed to take place at a sanitarium in the Virginia mountains, to which come Tom Cunningham, a wealthy youth, and Happy Johnny Hicks, a genial gambler, who are fleeing from the results of a drunken fight in Boston. Tom finds there Margaret Simpson, whom he expects to marry, and Johnny discovers in Molly Kelly, the head nurse, the object of an old-time infatuation. It is discovered that the man hurt in Boston is Molly's brother, and Johnny agrees to take the blame. The police quarantine the house, leaving the servants outside. Tom becomes boss of the place, and succeeds in winning Margaret, and Molly ends by forgiving Johnny for the assault he did not commit.

The piece served to introduce to the New York public a new singing and dancing comedian in the person of Arthur Deagon, who is a favorite out West. Entrusted with the asinine part of Johnny, practically the whole burden of the production fell on Mr. Deagon's shoulders. The night was hot, and being a fleshy man, he perspired freely, as he labored hard to amuse the audience. His stage humor is of the most obvious kind, consisting largely of facial contortion and extravagant gesticulation. It was only at intervals that he succeeded in provoking genuine laughter. In a better part he would undoubtedly be seen to greater advantage. But his good nature and energy knew no bounds, and he sang agreeably two or three topical songs, one of which, *Thursday's My Jonah Day*, is likely to become popular.

The managers have given this piece a handsomer setting than it deserves. The costumes were beautiful and the scenery elaborate.

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LYCEUM. "DIVORCONS." Comedy by Victorien Sardou. Adapted by Margaret Mayo. Revived August 16.

After a successful season in London, Miss Grace George has returned to New York and reappeared at the Lyceum in her successful impersonation of Cyprienne.

This actress has made wonderful progress in her art. The advance is seen more each time she essays something new. She always had great personal charm and attractiveness; to-day she is an artiste to her finger tips. She has toned down her crudities and acquired a technique, finesse and authority that place her in the front rank of our leading players. As an exponent of refined light comedy she stands to-day second to none in this country. Have we any one on our stage who could play Cyprienne better than she does?

The husband of Frank Worthing is also an admirable piece of acting, easy, graceful and authoritative throughout and to see the waiter as acted by Max Freeman is alone worth the price of admission. But why are those policemen gotten up in that fashion in the last act? No one ever saw such French policemen as those. The man who is usually called upon to interrupt such décolleté tête-à-tête suppers is the commissaire de police, who wears a black silk hat and frock coat, and he is assisted by a few agents in the usual uniform, totally unlike those worn in Mr. Brady's production. This, perhaps, is only a detail, but it marks what is in other respects a flawless performance.

BIJOU. "THE SHOO-FLY REGIMENT." Musical comedy. Book by Bob Cole. Lyrics by James W. Johnson. Music by J. Rosamond Johnson. Produced August 6.

It may be that colored authors will eventually do something on the stage that will admit them to artistic recognition, but that remains to be seen. We do not speak with unkindness or prejudice, but with a reverent regard for the truth. That colored performers will ever be able to entertain the white public is seemingly hopeless. The players in this musical comedy by Messrs. Cole and Johnson were largely of mixed races. The chorus was comely enough, but is not likely to conflict seriously with the Gibson girls, the "Broilers," "Ponies" and other regiments of beauty to which we are already accustomed. It will be long before Shoo-Fly regiments will conquer even the most frivolous of theatregoers. Everything connected with the comic opera in question was amateurish, and it does not call for extended criticism. If there was in it the slightest gleam of originality we failed to see it. We have a great deal of imitativeness on our own stage, but in almost every case there is some contribution of novelty and some excellence in the acting that is above the ordinary. We must confess that if it were not for the merit that we may discern, not necessarily in the principals but in the minor performers, no pleasure could be taken in many of the rapid pieces of our own stage. The negro race has certain qualities, mainly of voice, which must be recognized; but a voice that is not backed by intelligence is not always serviceable to music. In simple songs they have expression. In more advanced music, orchestral for example, they are at sea. They have much to learn before they can instruct or entertain our public. They may reach a certain standard, but for the present such performances are futile. If they are to advance, it seems almost certain that they must advance in a direction of their own. Their experiences are their own. Their plays must be their own. In the direction of imitation they will accomplish nothing, or nothing that is worth while, and by means of which they can attain to any dignity of their own.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

R. F. S., Milwaukee.—Q.—Is Mr. Edgar Baume now Miss Mary Manning's leading man in "Glorious Betsy"? A.—He is not; Robert Warwick is the leading man.

C. H. N., Greenwich, Conn.—Q.—Is Beatrice Forbes-Robertson a relative of the great actor? A.—She is a sister of Forbes-Robertson. Q.—Is Wright Kramer new to the stage in New York? A.—No; he has been seen here in other plays previous to his success in "The Road to Yesterday." We are unable to give you the other information you ask.

W. D. E., Indianapolis.—Q.—To whom should I apply to get a road position with a comic opera or musical comedy company selling music in the audience? Does a person holding said position have any other duties connected with it? A.—Probably by applying to one of the large music publishing firms, such as Witmark, Harms, Tams, Solomon, Stearn, etc. Yes; sometimes those holding such positions act as call boys for the company with which they are traveling, sometimes play a small part.

St. Louis.—Q.—Must one be well versed in French to study at the Conservatoire in Paris? A.—Undoubtedly some knowledge of French would be necessary, but how much would depend somewhat upon the line of



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study that one wished to pursue; for instance, less would be required in the departments of music than in that of dramatic art. Q.—How long is the term there? A.—From two to five years, according to the pupil. Examinations are held upon his or her progress. Q.—Are any scholarships given either at the American Academy of Dramatic Art or in the Conservatoire? A.—For information on the first subject write to the school itself; as to the Conservatoire all instruction there is free. An article on this institution and the work there appeared in this magazine for December, 1903. It will give you fuller information.

A. N. M., Easton, Pa.—Q.—Where can two complete sets of scenery be rented for two performances? A.—We know of no such place. Q.—Who controls the producing rights of "The Belle of New York," by Gustave Kerker? A.—Write to Mr. Kerker.

A Subscriber.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Eleanor Robson as "Merely Mary Ann"? A.—Yes, in July, 1905. Q.—Have you had an interview with her? A.—Yes, in the same number as above.

C. A. D.—Q.—What is the name of the play in which George Cohan is playing? A.—"The Honeymooners." Q.—Did Wallace Eddinger, who is now playing in "Caught in the Rain," play the part of Lieut. Telfair in "The Heart of Maryland"? A.—Cyril Scott played the rôle in the original New York production; Mr. Eddinger may have played it later.

E. M. W.—No pictures of Miss Affie Warner have appeared in this magazine. Pictures of Miss Blanche Walsh appeared in "The Players' Gallery" for October, 1901, in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for November, 1902; July, 1905; June, July and September, 1906, and in February and August of this year.

H. C. K., Cincinnati, would like to know what has become of Mr. Basset Roe, formerly of Mr. E. S. W. J. Lard's company, and who played Fecksniff in "Tom Finch" some years ago. Can anyone tell him? Q.—Will you publish a picture of Mantell as Brutus, or a scene from the play? A.—Yes, very shortly. Q.—Of Willard as Newcome? A.—Possibly.

E. Z. K. and E. L. B.—Q.—Will you give a short sketch of Amelia Bingham? A.—She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Swilley, of Ohio, in which state she was born March 20, 1869. She attended school in her native state and also the Wesleyan University. She made her début in Chicago in "Passion's Slave." Then played with stock companies later in "Harts Are Trumps," "The White Heather" and "The Cuckoo," and began her starring career in Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers." Since her marriage to Mr. Lloyd Bingham he has acted as her manager. Her latest play was "The Lilac Room," since withdrawn. Q.—Where can I obtain photographs of Miss Bingham? A.—By writing to Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city. Q.—In what plays can I get them? A.—In all her important rôles.

Chicago's Art Theatre

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

In the interest of dramatic art for dramatic art's sake, permit me to suggest a ninth "conclusion" to the eight deducted needs for an "Art Theatre" given by Mr. Victor Mapes in the very interesting article, "An Art Theatre in Operation," in your August number. Last winter the New Theatre in Chicago instituted a play competition, the winning piece to be given a production. I was so fortunate as to have submitted a MS., "emphatically selected as the best play." It was not produced. The reason, frankly given, was that the equipment of the New Theatre was not equal to its production. Among the several very complimentary letters I received from members of the directing board and from the judges themselves, I find the following pregnant lines: "The production of your play here would have been no help to you."

"You have no cause for disappointment."

"It is not possible for the play to be given an adequate production, as the stage is nothing but a little box, and for the author's sake I hope it will not be produced."

Without arguing any of Mr. Mapes' conclusions as to an Art Theatre in operation, may not the ninth of "Adequacy" be added, and placed at the head of the list? Perhaps it will mitigate some of the others.

HILLIARD BOOTH.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1907.

Shakespeare and Bacon

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Anent the Tolstoy attack upon Shakespeare and his writings, it occurs to me how happy the shade of Lord Bacon must be if the authorship question is ever settled beyond a peradventure in favor of Shakespeare that he was not guilty. As for me, to quote one of our humorists, "I believe that Shakespeare was the author of his own plays." A few lines from a charming tribute once paid to a long since departed young tragedian of wonderful promise seem fitting, and voice the sentiment of millions who will continue in their misguided way until another bard arises to claim the laurels that are now William Shakespeare's:

"He was an actor. It is true he was.

But, gentle friends, is that against the laws?

To speak what Shakespeare wrote—that master mind—

Will not offend the morals of mankind.

As long as England's sea-girt isle remains,

Or this new land one book of song retains,

Till Time's grand drama ends, earth's curtain's fall,

So long will Shakespeare's plays be read by all."

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Caruso and Bonci

E. A. Vaughan in the London Daily News

I have received several letters asking for a comparison of Signor Bonci with Signor Caruso, and for my opinion on the respective merits of the two tenors who are making the end of the opera season so brilliant. Of course, no comparison can be made. Each singer has qualities of his own.

It may be of interest, however, to point out what these qualities are.

Signor Caruso's voice is the most exceptional tenor I have heard, and I say this with a full remembrance of Jean de Reszke at his finest period. The Polish tenor's voice was not so brilliant or so powerful in its upper notes as Caruso's. The quality of it was not so even throughout the range of the voice nor so characteristic of the true robust tenor. Caruso can hold on to his notes and swell on them with an ease which Jean de Reszke never possessed. Possibly Signor Bonci has a more even production than either of these singers. His voice is as soft as satin; you have the impression that it is something that appeals to the sense of touch.

In nervous energy and untameable force Signor Caruso stands quite alone. He is a typical modern Italian singer in the sense that his type of voice is demanded by the modern Italian composers, from the later Verdi downward. Caruso's greatest triumphs are made by an exhibition of Titanic power. He is as great in this sense as Tamagno, but with much more beautiful quality of voice. Caruso may be rough in style, but his voice is never hard and metallic; Tamagno was both. To my mind Caruso is at his best in "dramatic" parts. The ordinary repertoire of opera does not really suit him. He is at his best in "Aida" or in "Fedora," or as Tonio in "I Pagliacci." In the earlier Verdi—in "Un Ballo," in "Traviata," or in "Rigoletto"—his style of singing has not the requisite grace. In "Carmen" he is a comparative failure; in "Don Giovanni" his excessive portamento and his habit of introducing an aspirate into his runs displayed all his faults of style without his great merits. The part of all others which would suit him is that of Otello in Verdi's opera.

Signor Bonci is practically the complement of Signor Caruso. Signor Bonci phrases with subtle art and caresses each phrase as if he were a vocal Pachmann. Compare his singing of *Questa O Quella* or of *La donna e mobile* in "Rigoletto" with Signor Caruso's. In both Signor Bonci sings with an alert vivacity and a finish of style which are not among Signor Caruso's gifts. Signor Bonci has quite a different temperament. He is not so emotional in the tearing modern Italian style, and when depth of feeling is demanded of him I think Signor Bonci is found a trifle wanting. In "Lucia di Lammermoor," for instance, he was perfect in the lyrical love duet of the first act; in the contract scene one longed for Caruso's violence and magnificent outbursts; in the last act there might have been more grief in Bonci's voice without marring the shape of the music.

Great as these two tenors are, they cannot be compared with Jean de Reszke. Personally, I deeply admired the quality of the Polish tenor's voice. It was varied in color, soft and yet resonant. This is, perhaps, a matter of opinion, and many judges thought that Jean de Reszke was not a tenor at all, which, if true, was so much the worse for tenors in general. But if there is room for a difference of opinion as to the quality of Jean de Reszke's voice, there can be none as to his rank as artist.

To begin with, he had a fine stage presence, and, though not a great actor, he always looked his part and lived in it. His style of singing was finished to the extreme, but it was also broad and manly when necessary. Above all, he could sing all styles of music, from Gounod's

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This article will give the September number of the New Broadway Magazine an extraordinary value to every man, woman and child in America—a value extraordinary even for the New Broadway, which has so rapidly gained place as the necessary magazine for the progressive home. "How Roosevelt Rests" is a typical Broadway article—teeming with power and personality; the story of the playtime of Theodore Roosevelt, focusing the calcium light upon this remarkable leader from a new angle. The article is lavishly illustrated with some forty new photographs.

Certainly there cannot be a man, woman or child in all America, no matter of what politics, opinions or prejudices, who can afford to go without reading this remarkable article.

Striking as this "special" is, it is only **ONE OF THE MULTITUDE OF FASCINATING FEATURES** in the September number of the New Broadway Magazine.

Some of the other September features are: "Yachting, The Multi-millionaire's Supreme Luxury," an art article; "The Chateauxes of Newport;" "Handling Millions on the Curb;" "The Summer Stage;" "Prominent People in Paragraph and Picture," and no less than 10 striking fiction features, by such celebrated writers as Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Elliott Flower, Theodosia Garrison, Dorothy Canfield, Hugh Pendexter, Anna Alice Chapin, Frederic Johnston, Mary Roberts Rinehart, John Barton Oxford and Montague Glass.

Surely this brief outline should show you that the September issue of the New Broadway Magazine is the one above all others that you must not miss! It is beautifully illustrated throughout by famous artists, and from photographs. Be sure you get

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Romeo to Wagner's Walther, Lohengrin, and, in later days, Tristan. These Italian tenors of to-day have no such range. As artists they have very decided limitations. Signor Caruso, for instance, cannot sing French music as Jean de Reszke could sing Italian, and I doubt if our present tenors could be made to sing even the early Wagner. Signor Bonci, at any rate, could not possibly be a Tannhäuser or a Lohengrin, either vocally or histrionically. I am aware that no one is more wearisome than he who praises the past at the expense of the present, but when I think of what Jean de Reszke did both Caruso and Bonci seem minor stars by comparison.

The Censor of Plays

Nearly \$10,000 a year is the salary paid to the Lord Chamberlain of England. And it cannot be said that he earns the money easily. In addition to controlling the officers and servants attached to the royal chambers, except those of the bed-chambers, he appoints royal tradesmen, receives all applications to attend levees and drawing rooms, superintends the royal wardrobe and the jewel house at the tower, controls the establishment attached to the chapels royal, and last, but not least, licenses theatres in London, Windsor and wherever there is a royal palace, as well as plays intended to be produced at any theatre in Great Britain, says *Tit-Bits*.

That the latter part of the Lord Chamberlain's work is by no means the most pleasant may be judged from the storm which has been raised on account of his withdrawal of the license, issued some twenty years ago, for the performance of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera, "The Mikado."

It is rather beside the mark, however, to upbraid the Lord Chamberlain for not issuing licenses for all new plays; for in this matter he is guided to a very great extent by Mr. George Alexander Redford, the examiner of plays, upon whose advice the Lord Chamberlain usually acts.

Mr. Redford, who is a prominent officer of the Lord Chamberlain's office, has been theatrical examiner or censor for the past six or seven years and assisted the Earl of Clarendon, who was Lord Chamberlain during the last administration—the office being a government appointment. The present Lord Chamberlain, Lord Althorp, is naturally not altogether popular in theatrical circles. This, however, is only on account of his official rulings, for, personally, Lord Althorp is an exceedingly charming man and has a host of friends in society circles. Before his elevation to the peerage his lordship was the Hon. Robert Spencer, better known perhaps as Bobby Spencer, the man who gained the reputation of being one of the best looking and best dressed members of the House of Commons.

His clothes were models of perfection, his whole attire, indeed, being as faultless as his manners. As a matter of fact, Lord Althorp is a great authority regarding etiquette, and even before he became Lord Chamberlain was frequently consulted on doubtful points by the royal family, with whom he is a great favorite.

Lord Althorp's position in regard to the banning of "The Mikado" is rendered somewhat embarrassing and peculiar by the fact that when a play has once been licensed it is very rarely interfered with, unless objection is taken to any addition made to the play after the license has been granted.

The law says that one copy of every new play, prologue or epilogue, or addition thereto, intended to be produced at any theatre in Great Britain, must be sent to the Lord Chamberlain at least seven days before it is first acted, and he may refuse a license if he considers it fitting for him to do so.

Against his decision there is no appeal. The penalty for disobeying the Lord Chamberlain's instructions is rather severe. Not only is a fine of £50 levied on any person who presents a piece either before it has been allowed or subsequent to its being disallowed, but the license of the theatre where it is presented becomes void. Any one, by the bye, who gives information against an unlicensed performance is entitled to half the fine of £50.

One guinea is the charge made for the license of a one-act play and 2 guineas for two acts and over. There are, however, exceptions to this law. If, for instance, a person wrote a play which it was intended to produce at a private party or before the members of a dramatic society—if nothing be paid for admission—the sanction and license of the Lord Chamberlain would not be required. The license is only required when the performance becomes a public one.

There are people who think even musical comedy horrible; but they are abnormal, and therefore not blameworthy.—*Seymour Hicks.*

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